

1568/1638.

THE
WORKS
OF

VIRGIL.

VOL. III.

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THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

By Mr. DRYDEN.

VOLUME the THIRD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. F. and C. RIVINGTON,
T. CASLON, S. CROWDER, B. LAW, T. CADELL,
E. JOHNSTON, W. NICOLL, G. ROBINSON, J.
ROBSON, W. FLEXNEY, J. KNOX, R. BALDWIN,
J. JOHNSON, and T. EVANS.

MDCCCLXXXII.



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J. JONKIN, and T. PLEASANT.

MDCCLXXII.



THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ÆNEIS.

VOL. III.

B

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

ÆNEAS proceeds in his relation; he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household Gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands in Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place he was sailing from, when the tempest rose and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

T H E
T H I R D B O O K

O F T H E
Æ N E I S.

W H E N Heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan
state,

And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate:

When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,

And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay:

Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat, 5

To seek in foreign isles a happier seat.

Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,

The timber of the sacred groves we cut,

And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find

What place the gods for our repose assign'd. 10

Friends daily flock, and scarce the kindly spring

Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,

When old Anchises summon'd all to sea;

The crew my father and the fates obey.

With sighs and tears I leave my native shore, 15
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My fire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once; and cleave the briny floods.
Against our coast appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command: 20
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.
A hospitable realm, while fate was kind;
With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
I land, with luckless omens; then adore 25
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the pow'rs that rising labours aid; 30
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
Sharp myrtles on the sides and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the silvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens, 35
I pull'd a plant; (with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate)
The rooted fibres rose; and from the wound
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.

Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood; 40
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
Man'd once again, another plant I try,
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt, for some offence unknown,
With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone; 45
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The God of arms, who rules the Thracian coast:
That they, or he, these omens would avert,
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 50
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb, 55
A grone, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensu'd.
Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O spare the corps of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood: 60
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But ev'ry drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:

O fly from this inhospitable shore,
 Warn'd by my fate ; for I am Polydore ! 65
 Here loads of lances, in my blood embru'd,
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.

My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare
 My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.

When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
 Old Priam, fearful of the war's event, 71 }
 This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent.

Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war :
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care : 75 }

Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
 Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join.
 Broke ev'ry bond of nature, and of truth ;
 And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold, 80

What bands of faith can impious lucre hold !
 Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
 I call my father, and the Trojan peers :

Relate the prodigies of Heav'n, require
 What he commands, and their advice desire. 85

All vote to leave that execrable shore,
 Polluted with the blood of Polydore.

But ere we fail, his fun'ral rites prepare ;
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round ; 90
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound. }
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

Now when the raging storms no longer reign, 95
But southern gales invite us to the main ;
We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.

An island in th' Ægean main appears ;
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs. 100
It floated once, 'till Phœbus fix'd the sides
Of rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore, }
And the Sun's temple, and his town adore. 105 }

Anius the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my fire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend.
Invites him to his palace ; and in sign 110
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.

Then to the temple of the God I went,
 And thus before the shrine my vows present,
 Give, O *Thymbræus*, give a resting place
 To the sad relicks of the Trojan race: 115
 A seat secure, a region of their own,
 A lasting empire, and a happier town.
 Where shall we fix, where shall our labours end,
 Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
 Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find, 120
 But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.
 Scarce had I said, he shook the holy ground,
 The laurels, and the lofty hills around; }
 And from the Tripos rush'd a bellowing sound. }
 Prostrate we fell, confess'd the present God, 125
 Who gave this answer from his dark abode:
 Undaunted youths, go seek that mother earth
 From which your ancestors derive their birth,
 The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
 In her old bosom, shall again embrace. 130
 Through the wide world th' Æneian house shall reign,
 And childrens children shall the crown sustain.
 Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:
 A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
 All are concern'd to know what place the God 135
 Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.

My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune, and dispel your fear. 140
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there, and we 145
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhætean shores old Teucer came.
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose. 150
In humble vales they built their soft abodes:
'Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idean woods. }
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought. 155
Let us the land, which Heav'n appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.
If Jove assist the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.
Thus having said, the sacrifices laid 160
On smoking altars, to the gods he paid.

A bull, to Neptune an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo flew :
A milk-white ewe the western winds to please ;
And one cole black to calm the stormy seas. 165
Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd ; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy :
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea. 170
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way :
Then green Donyfa pass ; and sail in sight
Of Paros isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas. 175
The shouts of sailors double near the shores ;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore, 180
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name :
The name itself was grateful ; I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort. 185

Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air, 190
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:
The trees devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the grass, and blited was the corn.
Nor 'scape the beasts: for Sirius from on high
With pestilential heat infects the sky; 195
My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the God implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct. 200
'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods, (for such they seem'd)
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood, majestically bright, 205
Full in the beams of Phoebe's ent'ring light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled mind:
What from the Delian God thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:
Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate, 210

Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Through seas and lands, as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain; 215
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let the weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian God,
Nor we, have given thee Crete for our abode. 220
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jafus there, and Dardanus were born: 225
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy fire with these glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.

Astonish'd at their voices, and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night; 230
I saw, I knew their faces, and descry'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd;)
I started from my couch, and clammy sweat
On all my limbs and shiv'ring body fate.

To Heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste, 235
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More chearful to my good old fire I run;
And tell the pleasing news; in little space
He found his error of the double race. 240
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful feat.
Then said, O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as these Cassandra did relate;
This day revives within my mind what she 245
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands, but who could then have thought
That Phrygian Gods to Latium should be brought;
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught? }
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way: 250
He said, and we with glad consent obey,
Forfake the feat; and leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
With only seas around, and skies above. 255
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain;
And night with sable clouds involves the main:
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise:
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways:

The face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes, 260
And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found [around.
Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays 266
Without distinction, and three sunless days.
The fourth renews the light, and from our throws
We view the rising land like distant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight; 270
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvass falls; their oars the sailors ply;
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly:
At length I land upon the Strophades;
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas: 75
Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main;
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent 280
From Hell's abyss, for human punishment.
With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunces, and with ordure still unclean:
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean. }

We landed at the port, and soon beheld 285
Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feast;
And Jove himself the chief invited guest. 290
We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clatt'ring wings, the hungry harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find; 295
And parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock again we sit;
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made. 300
Again the holy fires on altars burn:
And once again the rav'nous birds return:
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky.
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat, 305
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.

They, as commanded, for the fight provide ;
 And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide : 310
 Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
 Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear ;
 Misenus sounds a charge : we take th' alarm,
 And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
 In this new kind of combat all employ 315
 Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy.
 In vain ; the fated skin is proof to wounds ;
 And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
 At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
 And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display. 320
 Yet one remain'd, the messenger of fate,
 High on a craggy cliff Celæno fate,
 And thus her dismal errand did relate :
 What, not contented with our oxen slain,
 Dare you with Heav'n an impious war maintain,
 And drive the harpies from their native reign ? 326
 Heed therefore what I say ; and keep in mind
 What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd ;
 And I, the harpy's queen, from both relate :
 You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate : 330
 Th' Italian shores are granted you to find :
 And a safe passage to the port assign'd.

But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed, 335
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
She said; and to the neighb'ring forest flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call. 340
And whether gods, or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,
And lifting up to Heav'n his hands and eyes;
Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, said he, 345
These omens, render vain this prophecy:
And from th' impending curse a pious people free.
Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our haulsers, and obey:
And soon with swelling sails pursue our wat'ry way.
Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear; 351
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears; 355
And the sun's temple, which the sailor fears.

Resolv'd to breathe awhile from labour past,
 Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast;
 And joyful to the little city haste. }
 Here safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay 360
 To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
 The customs of our country we pursue;
 And Trojan games on Aëtian shores renew.
 Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
 And exercise the wrestlers noble toil.
 Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
 And left so many Grecian towns behind.
 The Sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
 And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
 I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
 The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
 The verse beneath my name and action speaks,
 These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks.
 Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
 Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly. 375
 The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost;
 And skim'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
 Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
 And landed, to Buthrotus heights ascend. 379
 Here wond'rous things were loudly blaz'd by fame;
 How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name;



And reign'd in Greece: That Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne.

And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.

385

I leave my gallies riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.

By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.

Green altars rais'd of turf with gifts she crown'd;

And sacred priests in order stand around;

391

And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.

The grove itself resembles Ida's wood,

And Simois seem'd the well-dissembl'd flood.

But when, at nearer distance, she beheld

395

My shining armour, and my Trojan shield;

Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat

Forfakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:

She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring strength,

Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she speaks at length.

Are you alive, O goddess-born! she said,

401

Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?

At this she cast a loud and frightful cry:

With broken words I made this brief reply:

All of me that remains appears in fight;

405

I live, if living be to loath the light.

No phantom, but I drag a wretched life;
 My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
 What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord,
 By what strange blessings are you now restor'd! 410
 Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
 And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?
 With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
 After a modest pause, she thus begun.
 Oh only happy maid of Priam's race, 415
 Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace!
 Commanded on Achilles tomb to die,
 Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,
 Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
 In Grecian ships unhappy we were born: 420
 Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn:
 Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
 Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
 Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
 And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed. 425
 Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd;
 And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd.
 Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
 And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
 Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher. 430

By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd :
At least one half with Helenus remain'd :
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls ;
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our coast, 435
What gods have sent you, or what storms have tost ?
Does young Ascanius' life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy ?
O tell me how his mother's loss he bears, 439
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years, }
How much of Hector in his face appears ? }
She spoke : and mix'd her speech with mournful cries :
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a num'rous train ; 445
Receives his friends, and to the city leads ;
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see ;
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran ; 450
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
And feasts and pleasures thro' the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around ;
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.

Two days we pass'd in mirth, 'till friendly gales, 456
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.

Then to the royal seer I thus began :

O thou who know'st beyond the reach of man
The laws of Heav'n, and what the stars decree, 460

Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,

From his own tripod, and his holy tree :

Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,

What auspices their notes and flights declare,

O say ; for all religious rites portend

465

A happy voyage, and a prosp'rous end ;

And ev'ry pow'r and omen of the sky

Direct my course for destin'd Italy.

But only dire Celæno, from the gods,

A dismal famine fatally forebodes :

470

O say what dangers I am first to shun ;

What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.

The prophet first with sacrifice adores

The greater gods ; their pardon then implores ;

Unbinds the fillet from his holy head ;

475

To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,

Full of religious doubts and awful dread.

Then with his god possess'd, before the shrine,

These words proceeded from his mouth divine.

O goddess-born (for Heav'n's appointed will, 480
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects :)
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main, 485
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,
And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.
First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh, 65
Will far from your deluded wishes fly: 490
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores;
And stem the currents with your struggling oars:
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer;
And after this to Circe's island veer. 495
And last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a Sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;

The dam and offspring white as falling snow :
These on thy city shall their name bestow : 505 }
And there shall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threat'ned famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will assist, and fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent ; 510
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd :
The savage Locrians here the shores infest.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian fields.
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands, 515
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore ;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice. 520
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.
When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the Straits :
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way, 525
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea :
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before

An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
The passage broke that land from land divides: 530
And where the lands retir'd the rushing ocean rides. }
Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields; (so much can time invade 534
The mouldring work that beauteous nature made.)
Far on the right her dogs foul Scylla hides; }
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides; }
Then spouts them from below; with fury driv'n,
The waves mount up, and wash the face of Heav'n.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws, 540
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks: A human face,
And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace.
Her parts obscene below the waves descend, 545
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
'Tis safer then to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, tho' with more delay;
Than once to view mishapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear. 550
Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetick Phœbus tell me true,

Do not this precept of your friend forget :
Which therefore more than once I must repeat.

Above the rest, great Juno's name adore : 555

Pay vows to Juno ; Juno's aid implore.

Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd ;

And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind ;

Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,

And you shall safe descend on Italy. 560

Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood

Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,

The mad prophetick Sibyl you shall find,

Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.

She sings the fates, and in her frantick fits, 565

The notes and names inscrib'd to leaves commits.

What she commits to leaves, in order laid,

Before the cavern's entrance are display'd :

Unmov'd they lie : but if a blast of wind

Without, or vapours issue from behind, 570

The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,

And she resumes no more her useful care ;

Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,

Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.

Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid 575 }

The madness of the visionary maid ; }

And with loud curses leave the mystick shade. }

Think it not loss of time a while to stay ;
Though thy companions chide thy long delay :
Tho' summon'd to the seas, tho' pleasing gales 580
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails.

But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With swelling words, and not to write thy fate.

The fierce Italian people she will show ;
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe ; 585 }
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo. }

She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind ;
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.

This is what heav'n allows me to relate :
Now part in peace ; pursue thy better fate, 590 }
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state. }

This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licence, and rich gifts prepar'd :
Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant. 595

Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stor'd.

A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament :
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest, 600
Then flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.

Nor was my fire forgotten, nor my friends ;
And large recruits he to my navy sends ;
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores ;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars. 605
Mean time my fire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet blest the parting crew ; and last,
With words like these his ancient friend embrac'd :
Old happy man, the care of gods above, 610
Whom heav'nly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost,
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast :
There land ; but take a larger compass round,
For that before is all forbidden ground. 615
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you
At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes ;
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods :
For I with useless words prolong your stay, 620
When southern gales have summon'd you away.
Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought ; 625

A Phrygian vest ; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.

Accept, she said, these monuments of love,

05 Which in my youth with happier hands I wove :

Regard these trifles for the giver's sake ;

630

'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.

Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind :

In thee his features and his form I find.

610 His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame ;

Such were his motions, such was all his frame ;

635

And ah ! had Heav'n so pleas'd, his years had been
the same.

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,

615 Your fortune, happy fair, already made,

Leaves you no farther wish ; my diff'rent state,

Avoiding one, incurs another fate.

640

To you a quiet seat the gods allow,

You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,

620 Nor fields of flying Italy to chase ;

(Deluding visions, and a vain embrace !)

You see another Simois, and enjoy

645

The labour of your hands, another Troy ;

With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,

625 And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.

If e'er the Gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tyber's happy shore; 650
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own,
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship strive. 655
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,
The double Troy shall differ but in name;
That what we now begin may never end,
But long to late posterity descend.

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore, 660
(The shortest passage to th' Italian shore.)
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night;
We land; and on the bosom of the ground
A safe retreat, and a bare lodging found. 665
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night proceeding on with silent pace
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race. 670
Then wakeful Palinurus rose to spy
The face of Heav'n, and the nocturnal sky,
And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;

Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force; 675
And both the Bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burnish'd gold.
Then when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep, 680
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow the deep.
And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight,
When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
The hills, and then the plains of Italy. 685
Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
Then Italy the chearful crew rebound.
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
And off'ring, thus implor'd the pow'rs divine:
Ye Gods, presiding over lands and seas, 690
And you who raging winds and waves appease,
Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,
And smooth our passage to the port assign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view. 695
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
Plac'd as a landmark on the mountain's height;

We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
 The curling waters round the gallies roar;
 The land lies open to the raging east, 700
 Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
 Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,
 And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
 The port lies hid within; on either side
 Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide. 705
 The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
 To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
 Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
 Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry field.
 War, war is threat'ned from this foreign ground, 710
 (My father cry'd) where warlike steeds are found.
 Yet, since reclaim'd, to chariots they submit,
 And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
 Peace may succeed to war. Our way we bend
 To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend: 715
 There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
 Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
 Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
 And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
 And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. 720
 These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails and stand
 To sea, forsaking that suspected land.

From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.

Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands; 725

Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands

For shipwrecks fear'd: mount Ætna thence we spy,

Known by the smoaky flames which cloud the sky.

Far off we hear the waves with surly sound

Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.

The billows break upon the sounding strand, 731

And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.

Then thus Anchises, in experience old;

'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,

And those the promis'd rocks; bear off to sea: 735

With haste the frighted mariners obey.

First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;

Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,

Then down to Hell descend, when they divide. 740

And thrice our gallies knock'd the stony ground,

And thrice the hollow rocks return the sound,

And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dew
around.

The flagging winds forsook us with the sun;

And weary'd, on Cyclopean shores we run. 745

The port capacious, and secure from wind,
 Is to the foot of thund'ring Ætna join'd.
 By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
 By turns hot embers from her entrails fly, 749
 And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky. }
 Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
 And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
 Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
 Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
 Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove, 755
 With blasted limbs came trembling from above;
 And where he fell th' avenging Father drew
 This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
 As often as he turns his weary sides, 759
 He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the Heavens hides.
 In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
 Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls }
 affright, }
 Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight.
 For not one star was kindled in the sky,
 Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply; 765
 For misty clouds involv'd the firmament,
 The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
 Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dew's dispell'd;

When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a spright, 771
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore. 775
We look behind, then view his shaggy beard,
His cloaths all tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs
besmear'd ;

The rest in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
He cast on us from far a frightful view, 780
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew,
Stood still, and paus'd ; thence all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls. 785
Now by the pow'rs above, and what we share
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence ; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own, 790
Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town ;
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue.

This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main; 795
Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
I die content to die by human hands.
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past;
His present state, his lineage, and his name; 800
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand,
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy, and Achæmenides my name. 805
Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(O had I stay'd, with poverty content!)
But fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops den.
The cave, tho' large, was dark, the dismal floor 810
Was pay'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view! 815
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food,
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.

These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band ;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones 820
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones :
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state ; 825
For gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
While fast asleep the giant lay supine ;
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw :
We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround 830
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground ;
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand :
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye,
(For only one did the vast frame supply ;) 835
But that a globe so large, his front is fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds, and down the pupil bends ;
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly ; 840
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.

Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears :
Like him in caves they shut their woolly sheep,
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep; 845
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep
to steep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night. 850
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree :
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood, 855
And roots and herbs have been my meagre food.

While all around my longing eyes are cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun, 860
What other death you please yourselves bestow.
Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
We saw the giant-shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore,

A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight, 865
His staff a trunk of pine to guide his steps aright.

His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends;

His woolly care their pensive lord attends;

This only solace his hard fortune sends.

Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves,

From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he laves; 871

He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd; thro' seas he strides,

And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.

Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,

The cables cut, and silent haste away: 875

The well-deserving stranger entertain;

Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main,

The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound;

But when our vessels out of reach he found,

He strided onward, and in vain essay'd 880

Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.

With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful cry

Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly

Before the bellowing noise to distant Italy.

The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around; 885

The winding caverns echo to the sound.

His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar;

And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.

We saw their stern, distorted looks from far,
 And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war. 890
 A dreadful council, with their heads on high;
 The misty clouds about their foreheads fly:
 Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
 Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
 New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail, 895
 We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail;
 And take th' advantage of the friendly gale. }
 Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
 Charybdis' gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
 An equal fate on either side appears; 900
 We, tacking to the left, are free from fears.
 For, from Pelorus' point the north arose,
 And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
 His rocky mouth we pass; and make our way
 By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay; 905
 This passage Achæmenides had shown,
 Tracing the course which he before had run.
 Right o'er against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand
 There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
 Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found 910
 From Greece a secret passage under-ground;
 By love to beauteous Arethusa led,
 And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.

As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
 Diana's name protectress of the shore. 915
 With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds
 Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
 Then doubling cape Pachynus, we survey
 The rocky shore extended to the sea.
 The town of Camarine from far we see, 920
 And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree.
 In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
 And the large walls where mighty Gela was:
 Then Agragas with lofty summits crown'd,
 Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd: 925
 We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
 And widely shun the Lilybean strand,
 Unsafe for secret rocks and moving sand. }
 At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
 Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd. 930
 Here, after endless labours, often toss'd
 By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast,
 My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost. }
 Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
 Sav'd thro' a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain. 935
 The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
 Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd.

And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill:

This my last labour was. Some friendly god 940.
From thence convey'd us to your blest'd abode.

Thus to the list'ning queen the royal guest
His wand'ring course, and all his toils express'd;
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest. }

}

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ÆNEIS.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design, and to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's intreaties, and discovers ull the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover: When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

T H E
F O U R T H B O O K
O F T H E

Æ N E I S.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen :
She fed within her veins a flame unseen :
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks imprinted in her heart, 5
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now when the purple morn had chased away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought : 10
My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
My lab'ring soul; what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast,
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest?
His worth, his actions, and majestic air, 15
A man descended from the gods declare..

Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then what he suffer'd when by fate betray'd,
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made! 20
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage never to be curs'd
 With second love, so fatal was my first,
 To this one error I might yield again: 25
 For since Sichæus was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert

The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And to confess my frailty, to my shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30 }
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame.

But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me through the dark abyss descend;
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether sky, 35 }
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave; }
 No; he who had my vows shall ever have; }
 For whom I lov'd on earth I worship in the grave. }
 She said; the tears ran gushing from her eyes, 40
 And stopp'd her speech: her sister thus replies.

O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife. 45
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valu'd by the ghost below?
I grant, that while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect, 50
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Lybian lords of mighty name,
But will you fight against a pleasing flame!
This little spot of land, which Heav'n bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes : 55
Getulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand :
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore, 60
And from the sea Pygmalian threatens more.
Propitious Heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire spread, your city rise
From such an union, and with such allies ! 65

Implore the favours of the pow'rs above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat, 70
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.

These words, which from a friend and sister came, }
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame; }
And added fury to the kindled flame. }
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue; 75
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew;
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of day:
Preferring Juno's pow'r, for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys. 80
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke, 85
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke.
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart! 90

A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft God secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.

So when the watchful shepherd from the blind 95

Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind ;

Distracted with her pain, she flies the woods,

Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods ;

With fruitless care ; for still the fatal dart

Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart. 100

And now she leads the Trojan chief along

The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng ;

Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,

Which love, without his labour, makes his own.

This pomp she shews to tempt her wand'ring guest ;

Her salt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest. 106

When day declines, and feasts renew the night,

Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight :

She longs again to hear the prince relate

His own adventures, and the Trojan fate : 110

He tells it o'er and o'er ; but still in vain ;

For still she begs to hear it once again.

The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends ;

And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite, 116
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears, 120
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

Mean time the rising tow'rs are at a stand;
No labours exercise the youthful band;
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know; 125
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat
the sky.

But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love; 130
Hot with the venom, which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd;
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
High praises, endless honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy son: 135
Two gods a silly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:

But shall celestial discord never cease?

'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.

140

You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;

Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd:

Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,

So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine;

One common kingdom, one united line.

145

Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,

And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey.

Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descry'd,

(Which would the sceptre of the world misguide

To Lybian shores,) thus artfully reply'd:

150

Who but a fool would wars with Juno choose,

And such alliance and such gifts refuse?

If Fortune with our joint desires comply:

The doubt is all from Jove and Destiny,

Lest he forbid, with absolute command,

155

To mix the people in one common land.

Or will the Trojan, and the Tyrian line,

In lasting leagues and sure succession join?

But you, the partner of his bed and throne,

May move his mind; my wishes are your own.

160

Mine, said imperial Juno, be the care;

Time urges now to perfect this affair:

Attend my counsel, and the secret share.

When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays, 165
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods for silvan game resort:
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And chearful horns from side to side resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain 170
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain,
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night;
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord: 175
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there;
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles 180
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait, 185
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.

The Tyrian peers, and officers of state,
For the flow queen in anti-chambers wait :
Her lofty courser, in the court below, 190
(Who his majestic rider seems to know)
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground;
And champs the golden bitt, and spreads the foam
around.

The queen at length appears : on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand. 195
A flower'd cymarr with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore :
Her flowing hair a golden cawl restrains ;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace, 200
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chace.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins :
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast : 205
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports ;
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below 210
The merry madness of the sacred show.

Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose,
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien. 215

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat:
The cry pursues the mountain-goats; they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, 220
In herds unsingled scour the dusty plain,
And a long chace, in open view maintain,
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel 225
The clanking lash, and goading of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way.
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend. 230

Mean time the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunder rolls; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
The company dispers'd to coverts ride, 235
And seek the homely cots, or mountains hollow side.

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J. Collyer sculp.

The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides. 240

Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour in time arose 245
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame. 250

The loud report through Lybian cities goes;
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows,
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pygmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies: 255
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.

Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste:
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast; 260

As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight :
Millions of opening mouths to fame belong,
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with listning ears the flying plague is hung. }
She fills the peaceful universe with cries; 266
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous
news.

With court informers haunts, and royal spies, 270
Things done relates, not done she feigns; and
mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her business; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, lost to honour and the sense of shame, 275
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled :
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights ;
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust, 280
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.

When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse ! 285
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celestial fire,
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire ;
And through his vast dominions priests ordain'd, 290
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive cou'd move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love, 295
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire ;
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his fire divine :
Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race, 300
Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine,
Seest thou not this ? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign ? 305
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance ?

A wand'ring woman builds within our state
A little town, bought at an easy rate ;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow 310
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough :
Yet scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed :
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign ! 315
(Whom, what they are their looks and garb confess :
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lybian dress :)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame,
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.

His vows in haughty terms he thus prefer'd, 320
And held his altar's horns; the mighty thund'rer heard;
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair, in lawless pleasure drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame. 325
He calls Cyllenius, and the god attends,
By whom his menacing command he sends :
Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky ;
Then with a swift descent to Carthage fly ;
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days 330
In slothful riot and inglorious ease.

Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate ;
To him this message from my mouth relate.
Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with pray'rs, nor promis'd such a son. 335
Her's was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land.
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw,
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
If glory cannot move a mind so mean, 340
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the Romans their immortal name !
What are his vain designs ! what hopes he more,
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore ? 345
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast !
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake ;
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake.

Hermes obeys ; with golden pinions binds 350
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds ;
And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand : 355

With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves ;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves ;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, 360
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.
Now sees the tops of Atlas as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies ;
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd, 364
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders ; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin :
A beard of ice on his large breast depends :
Here pois'd upon his wings, the god descends :
Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height 370
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight ;
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood :
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below : 375
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies ;
Till having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands : 379

Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence:
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift) about his waist he wore; 385
A sword with glitt'ring gems diversify'd,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
(Resuming his own shape): Degen'rate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here, 390
These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful Jove,
Who sways the world below, and Heav'n above,
Has sent me down with this severe command:
What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land? 395
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir;
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear.
To whom th' Ausonian sceptre and the state · 400
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate.
So spoke the god, and speaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the stern command, 406
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What shou'd he say, or how shou'd he begin,
What course, alas! remains, to steer between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen! 410
This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find:
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means,
After long thought to this advice he leans.
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair 415
The fleet, and ship their men with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, mean time, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news, 420
And move her tender mind by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
Jove will inspire him when and what to say:
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise: 425
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes!)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.

Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n safety fears. 430
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd; the Trojans thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court. }
Frantick with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round: 435
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When from afar their nightly god they hear,
And houl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear. }
At length she finds the dear perfidious man,
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began: 440
Base and ungrateful, cou'd you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye!
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love!
Or is the death of a despairing queen 445
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
Ev'n when the wint'ry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound.
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound; 450
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt for Troy the raging main?

See whom you fly; am I the foe you shun?
Now by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand, (since I have nothing more 455
To challenge, but the faith you gave before;)
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind, 459
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone I suffer in my fame, 465
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame:
Whom have I now to trust, (ungrateful guest,)
That only name remains of all the rest!
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty! 470
Or till Hiarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed!
Had you deferr'd at least your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight, 474
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight;
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;

I should not then complain to live bereft

Of all my husband, or be wholly left. 479

Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his eyes, }
By Jove's command, nor suffer'd love to rise, }
Tho' heaving in his heart, and thus at length replies: }

Fair queen, you never can enough repeat

Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;

Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name, 485

While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.

This only let me speak in my defence:

I never hop'd a secret flight from hence;

Much less pretended to the lawful claim

Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name. 490

For if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,

And not submit my life to fate's decree,

My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore, }

Those relicks to review, their dust adore, }

And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore. 495 }

But now the Delphian oracle commands,

And fate invites me to the Latian lands.

That is the promis'd place to which I steer,

And all my vows are terminated there.

If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born, 500

With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn;

Why may not we, like you, a foreign race,
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise, 505
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
And young Ascanius justly may complain
Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd, 510
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
The sender and the sent, I both attest,
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd. 515
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.

Thus, while he spoke, already she began
With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man;
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er, 520
No longer these outrageous threats forbore.
False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn,
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck. 525

Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear? }
Did he once look, or lend a list'ning ear, }
Sigh'd when I sob'd, or shed one kindly tear? }
All symptoms of a base, ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worse 'tis hard to find. 530
Of man's injustice why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself behold in vain
Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes; }
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies! 535 }
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was——'tis little to repeat 540
The rest; I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave: a god's command he pleads,
And makes Heav'n accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode, 545
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go, seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:

Yet if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow, 550
The faithless waves not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.

Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name: }
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame, 555 }
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame. }
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep, }
Her angry ghost arising from the deep }
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep. }

At least my shade thy punishment shall know, 560
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.

Abruptly here she stops: Then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find. 565
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd;
Tho' much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love, 570
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove:
Reviews his forces; they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.

The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well caulk'd galleies in the harbour ride. 575
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood.
Studious of flight, the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen, descending down, 580
Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey. 585
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging train; }
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain. 590 }
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When from the tow'r she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war?
All pow'rful love, what changes canst thou cause 595
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends;
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.

No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd. 600
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to sea,
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear. 606
But do not you my last request deny,
With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
And bring me news if I must live or die. }
You are his fav'rite, you alone can find 610
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusty secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go; 615
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's dust;
Why should he then reject a suit so just!
Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly; 620
Can he this last, this only pray'r deny;
Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.

The nuptials he disclaims I urge no more ;
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore. 625
A short delay is all I ask him now,
A pause of grief, an interval from woe :
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request, 630
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds with her own her sister's tears :
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain ;
Again she comes, and is refus'd again. 635
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threatnings move ;
Fate and the god had stopp'd his ears to love.

As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Jostling from ev'ry quarter of the sky ;
This way and that the mountain oak they bend, 640
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend ;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground,
The hollow vallies echo to the sound :
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or shaken, clings more closely to the rocks : 645
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie :

No less a storm the Trojan hero bears ;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words still beating on his ears. 650
Sighs, groans and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
And loaths to live : then dire portents she sees, 655
To hasten on the death her soul decrees,
Strange to relate : for when before the shrine
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud. 660
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove.
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love ;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around 665
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd :
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issu'd from her husband's tomb :
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay. 670
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech owl strains his throat :

And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides old prophecies augment her fears, 675
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day : she seems alone
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark ; or in a desert plain
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain. 680
Like Pentheus, when distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear :
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toft,
And shook her snaky locks : he shuns the sight, 685
Flies o'er the stage, surpriz'd with mortal fright ;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight. }

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief :
The time and means resolv'd within her breast, 690
She to her mournful sister thus address'd.
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears.)
Rejoice, she said, instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love, 695

Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run :
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd ;
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care ; 700
'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-feeds in honey taught to sleep ;
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
She watch'd the golden fruit ; her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind. 705
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry ;
Repels the stars, and backwards bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call ;
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part, 710
How loth I am to try this impious art !
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air :
Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms and presents of my faithless guest. 715
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd :
All relicks of the wretch are doom'd to fire ;
For so the priestess and her charms require.

Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears : 720

A mortal paleness in her face appears :

Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find

The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd ;

Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.

Unknowing of a train, conceal'd so well, 725

She fear'd no worse than when Sicheus fell ;

Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,

Within the secret court, expos'd in air.

The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,

And garlands on the hollow spaces lie. 730

Sad cypress, vervain, eugh, compose the wreath,

And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.

The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,

The spoils and sword he left in order spread,

And the man's image on the nuptial bed. 735

And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)

The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,

And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.

Night, Erebus and Chaos she proclaims,

And threefold Hecat, with her hundred names, 740

And three Dianas : next she sprinkles round,

With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground :

Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,

With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.

Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl; 745
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds, and next the highest altar stands: 750
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd with her dying breath
The heav'ns and planets, conscious of her death;
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above, 755
Who minds, or who revenges injur'd love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods. 760
The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on
the ground.

The flocks and herds, and parti-colour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, and swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay, 765
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.

Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find.

Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind. 770

Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;

Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind :

What shall I do, what succour can I find !

Become a suppliant to Hiarba's pride, 775

And take my turn to court and be deny'd !

Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,

Forsake an empire, and attend a foe ?

Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd ;

'Tis true ; but am I sure to be receiv'd ? 780

Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place ?

Laomedon still lives in all his race !

Then shall I seek alone the churlish crew,

And with my fleet their flying sails pursue ?

What force have I but those, whom scarce before 785

I drew reluctant from their native shore ?

Will they again embark at my desire,

Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre ?

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,

And take the fortune thou thyself hast made. 790

Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,

Or seconded too well what I design'd.

These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continu'd free, and still my own ;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair, 795
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air ;
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast ;
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest. 800
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night,
And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged god appears :
His former youthful shape and mien he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears : 805
Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born ! and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares so near a hostile town ?
Beset with foes ; nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails ? 810
She harbours in her heart a furious hate,
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late ;
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die :
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er, 815
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies,
And sail before the purple morn arise.

Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing. 820
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear :
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay. 825
Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh;
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea. }
A god commands; he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r, what pow'r soe'er thou art, 830
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart :
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands,
And prosper the design thy will commands.
He said, and drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord :
An emulating zeal inspires his train; 836
They run, they snatch, they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed, 840
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
When from a tow'r the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies :

She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd : 845
Stung with despight, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said,
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd ?
Shall we not arm, not rush from ev'ry street, 850
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet ?
Haste, haul my gallies out, pursue the foe ;
Bring flaming brands, set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said ? Where am I ? Fury turns
My brain, and my distemper'd bosom burns. 855
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore 860
The burden of his feeble father bore !
I should have torn him piece meal ; strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods ;
Destroy'd his friends and son ; and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the fire. 865
Events are doubtful which on battle wait ;
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate !

My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had tofs'd their fires amid the Trojan band :
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name ; 870 }
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame, }
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the fun'ral flame. }
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below,
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes ; 875
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods ;
All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death.
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch shou'd find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes, 881
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose ;
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place, 885
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace :
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain :
And when at length the cruel war shall cease ;
On hard conditions may he buy his peace. 890

Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.

These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will ;

And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil ;

895

Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim,

Against the prince, the people, and the name.

These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow ;

Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know :

Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age,

900

When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies
the rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,

With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood :

Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to theirs,

And the same hate descend on all our heirs.

905

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs

The means of cutting short her odious days.

Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,

(For when she left her country her's was dead)

Go Barce, call my sister ; let her care

910

The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare :

The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings bring,

Sprinkling her body from the chrystal spring.

With living drops ; then let her come, and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow. 915

Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love ;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
And as that burns my passion shall expire.

The nurse moves onward with officious care, 920
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.

But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.

With livid spots distinguish'd was her face, 924

Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her face :

Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,

And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste ;

Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind, 930

(Not for so dire an enterprize design'd.)

But when she view'd the garments loosely spread

Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,

She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd ;

Then on the couch her trembling body cast, 935

Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last. }

Dear pledges of my love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,

Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd :

My fatal course is finish'd, and I go
A glorious name, among the ghosts below. 940
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appears'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?
Then kiss'd the couch; and must I die, she said, 945
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive,
On any terms, 'tis better then to live.
These flames from far may the false Trojan view;
The boding omens his base flight pursue. 950
She said, and struck: Deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clog'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke, 955
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted, from the fatal sight they fled,
And thro' the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frightened court the yell began.
Redoubled thence from house to house it ran: 960
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.

Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes, 965
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her sister hears, and furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair;
And calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd, 971
These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd;
Was all this train of plots contriv'd, said she,
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? didst thou in death pretend 975
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend!
Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend had come;
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.
Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke? 980
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me;
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath.
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste, 985
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd:

Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore
 To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
 Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
 And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed. 990
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
 But having found it, sicken'd at the sight;
 And clos'd her lids at last in endless night. }

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
 A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain, 995
 Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
 Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
 For since she dy'd, not doom'd by heav'ns decree,
 Or her own crime, but human-casualty,
 And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair, 1000
 The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
 Which Proserpine and they can only know,
 Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
 Downward the various goddesses took her flight,
 And drew a thousand colours from the light; 1005
 Then stood above the dying lover's head,
 And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.
 This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear:
 Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair:
 The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd
 in air. 1010 }

THE
FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

ÆNEAS setting sail from *Africk* is driven by a storm on the coast of *Sicily*; where he is hospitably received by his friend *Acestes*, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: And accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, *Juno* sends *Iris* to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who upon her instigation set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not *Jupiter* by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this *Æneas*, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for *Italy*: *Venus* procures of *Neptune* a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot *Palinurus*, who was unfortunately lost.

T H E
F I F T H B O O K
O F T H E

Æ N E I S.

MEAN time the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
 Fix'd on his voyage, thro' the curling sea:
 Then, casting back his eyes with dire amaze,
 Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.
 The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
 The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd: }
 He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind: }
 What secret springs their eager passions move,
 How capable of death for injur'd love.
 Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw, 10
 Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
 Now seas and skies their prospect only bound;
 An empty space above, a floating field around.
 But soon the heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread;
 A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head: 15

Livid it look'd, the threatening of a storm ;
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What gusts of weather from that gath'ring cloud !
My thoughts presage ; ere yet the tempest roars 20
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars ;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind :
The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief, Not Heav'n, said he, }
Tho' Jove himself should promise Italy, 25 }
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.
Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies !
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea, }
Much less against the tempest force their way ; 30 }
'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey. }
Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
The southing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores
In safety we may reach with struggling oars. 35
Æneas then reply'd, Too sure I find,
We strive in vain against the seas and wind :
Now shift your sails : What place can please me more
Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore ;

Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains, 40
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?
The course resolv'd, before the western wind
They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Mean time Acestos, from a lofty stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the land; 45
And not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace:
And held the hero in a strict embrace. }
Of a rough Lybian bear the spoils he wore,
And either hand a pointed jav'lin bore. 50
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His sire Crinifus, a Sicilian flood;
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chas'd away 55
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around;
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground.
Offspring of heav'n, divine Dardanian race,
The sun revolving thro' th' Ethereal space, 60
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:
And now the rising day renews the year,
(A day for ever sad, for ever dear,)

This would I celebrate with annual games, 65
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Tho' banish'd to Getulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands :
But since this happy storm our fleet has driv'n
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heav'n,) 70
Upon these friendly shores and flow'ry plains,
Which hide Anchises and his blest remains ;
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for prosp'rous winds, our voyage to renew.
Pray, that in towns, and temples of our own, 75 }
The name of great Anchises may be known, }
And yearly games may spread the god's renown. }
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace :
Two steers on ev'ry ship the king bestows ; 80
His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
Besides, if nine days hence the rosy morn
Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace ;
Light gallies on the seas shall run a wat'ry race. 85
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend :
The strong with iron gauntlets arm'd shall stand,
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.

Let all be present at the games prepar'd, 90

And joyful victors wait the just reward.

But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd;

He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.

Then Helymus, by his example led,

And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head; 95

Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,

His temples ty'd, and all the Trojan race.

Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,

By thousands follow'd thro' the flow'ry plain,

To great Anchises' tomb; which when he found, 100

He pour'd to Bacchus on the hallow'd ground

Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,

And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.

With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd;

And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud. 105

Hail, O ye holy manes; hail again

Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!

The gods permitted not that you with me

Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy,

Or Tyber's flood, what flood foe'er it be. 110 }

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride;

A serpent from the tomb began to glide;

His hugy bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd ;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with
scaly gold :

Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass 115
A rolling fire along ; and singe the grass.

More various colours thro' his body run,
Then Iris when her bow imbibes the sun ;
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,

The sacred monster shot along the ground ; 120
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste :
Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.

The pious prince, surpriz'd at what he view'd, 125
The fun'ral honours with more zeal renew'd :
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.

Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew ;
As many swine, and steers of sable hue : 130

Now gen'rous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.

The glad attendants in long order come,
Off'ring their gifts at great Anchises' tomb ;

Some add more oxen, some divide the spoil, 135 }
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil. }

Now came the day desir'd; the skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light:

The bord'ring people, rous'd by sounding fame 140
Of Trojan feasts, and great Acestes' name,

The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.

And first the gifts in publick view they place, 144
Green laurel wreaths, and palm, (the victor's grace:)

Within the circle arms and tripods lie;

Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,

And vests embroider'd of the Tyrian dye. }

The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims,

And all prepare for their appointed games. 150

Four gallies first which equal rowers bear,

Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.

The speedy dolphin, that outstrips the wind,

Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:

Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands, 155

Which rising like a tow'ring city stands:

Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar;

Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;

Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar. }

Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race, 160
In the great Centaur took the leading place:
Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock; the raging billows roar 165
Above his head in storms; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight, 170
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this the seamen stretch their oars;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former
shores.

The lots decide their place; above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest; 175
The common crew with wreaths of poplar boughs
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows.
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine;
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign.
They gripe their oars, and ev'ry panting breast 180
Is rais'd by turns with hopes, by turns with fears
depress'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign ;

At once they start, advancing in a line :

With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies ;

Lash'd with their oars, the smoaky billows rise ; 185

Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.

Exact in time, with equal strokes they row ;

At once the brushing oars and brazen prow

Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.

Not fiery courfers in a chariot race

190

Invade the field with half so swift a pace.

Not the fierce driver with more fury lends

The sounding lash, and ere the stroke descends,

Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.

The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide, 195

And aid with eager shouts the favour'd side.

Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,

From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,

Gyas outstrip'd the rest, and sprung before ; 200

Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast,

But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.

The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine

With equal oars, advancing in a line :

And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead, 205
And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head :
Now board to board the rival vessels row ;
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
They reach the mark ; proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the main : 210
But steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
Let others bear to sea. Menætes heard,
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
And fearing, fought the deep ; and still aloof he }
steer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again ; 216
Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.
He spoke, and speaking, at his stern he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw ;
Betwixt the mark and him the Seylla flood, 220
And in a closer compass plow'd the flood.
He pass'd the mark, and wheeling got before ;
Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore, }
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others lives, (so high was grown 225
His rising rage) and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and over-board he threw :

This done he seiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd. 230
Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his
years :

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain ;
The crowd that saw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the distant shore, and loudly laught, 235
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew ;
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark ; Sergesthus takes the place : 240
Mnestheus pursues ; and while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
Then on the deck amidst his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd :
My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore ; 245
Exert your vigour, tug the lab'ring oar ;
Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew. -
In this, our common int'rest, let me find 249
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.

I seek not now the foremost palm to gain ;
Tho' yet—But ah, that haughty wish is vain !
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain. 255 }
But to be last, the lags of all the race,
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.
Now one and all they tug amain ; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
The sea beneath 'em sinks ; their lab'ring sides 260
Are swell'd, and sweat run gutt'ring down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success ;
Sergesthus, eager with his beak to press
Betwixt the rival gally and the rock,
Shuts up th' unweildy Centaur in the lock. 265
The vessel struck, and with the dreadful shock
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the shores, 270
And gather from the sea their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
Urge their success, and call the willing winds ;
Then ply their oars, and cut the liquid way
In larger compass on the roomy sea. 275
As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rouz'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes,

The cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies;
At first she flutters; but at length she springs 280
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea,
And flying with a force, that force assists his way.
Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast. 285
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and out-flies:
The ship without a pilot yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains; 290
Her he pursues, and all his vigour strains.
Shouts from the fav'ring multitude arise,
Applauding echo to the shouts replies;
Shouts, wishes, and applause run ratt'ling thro' the
 skies. }
These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard; 295
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the rob'd reward:
Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran,
(For they can conquer who believe they can :) 300

Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies;
And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize;
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And succour from the wat'ry pow'rs demands:
Gods of the liquid realms on which I row, 305 }
If giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Assist to make me guilty of my vow. }
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,
His offer'd entrails cast into the main;
And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown, 310
Your graceful gift, and my return shall own.
The quire of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land. 315
Swift as a mast or winged wind she flies,
And darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head, 320
And three fat steers are to his vessel led,
The ship's reward; with gen'rous wine beside,
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;
The victor honour'd with a nobler vest: 325

Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
And needle-work its happy art bestows.

There Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chasing thro' Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue: 330

When from aloft descends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and fousing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.

In vain with lifted hands, and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring thro' the skies; 335
And dogs pursue his flight with imitated cries.

Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd,
And summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd.

A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore; 340
In single combat on the Trojan shore.

This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess;
In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.

Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold, 345

That scarce two servants could the weight sustain;
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Pursu'd, and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train.

The third succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd; 350

Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies;
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize;
 When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
 And succour from the wat'ry pow'rs demands:

Gods of the liquid realms on which I row, 305 }
 If giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
 Assist to make me guilty of my vow. }

A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,
 His offer'd entrails cast into the main;
 And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown, 310
 Your graceful gift, and my return shall own.
 The quire of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
 With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
 And old Fortunos, with his breadth of hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land. 315
 Swift as a mast or winged wind she flies,
 And darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
 Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval games.

The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head, 320
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led,
 The ship's reward; with gen'rous wine beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;
 The victor honour'd with a nobler vest: 325

Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
And needle-work its happy art bestows.
There Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chasing thro' Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue: 330
When from aloft descends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and fousing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain with lifted hands, and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring thro' the skies; 335
And dogs pursue his flight with imitated cries.

Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd,
And summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd.
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore; 340
In single combat on the Trojan shore.
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess;
In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold, 345
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain;
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Pursu'd, and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train.
The third succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd; 350

With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple bands.
And now Sergesthus, clearing from the rock, 355
Brought back his gally shatter'd with the shock.

Forlorn she look'd without an aiding oar,
And hooted by the vulgar, made to shore.
As when a snake, surpriz'd upon the road,
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load 360

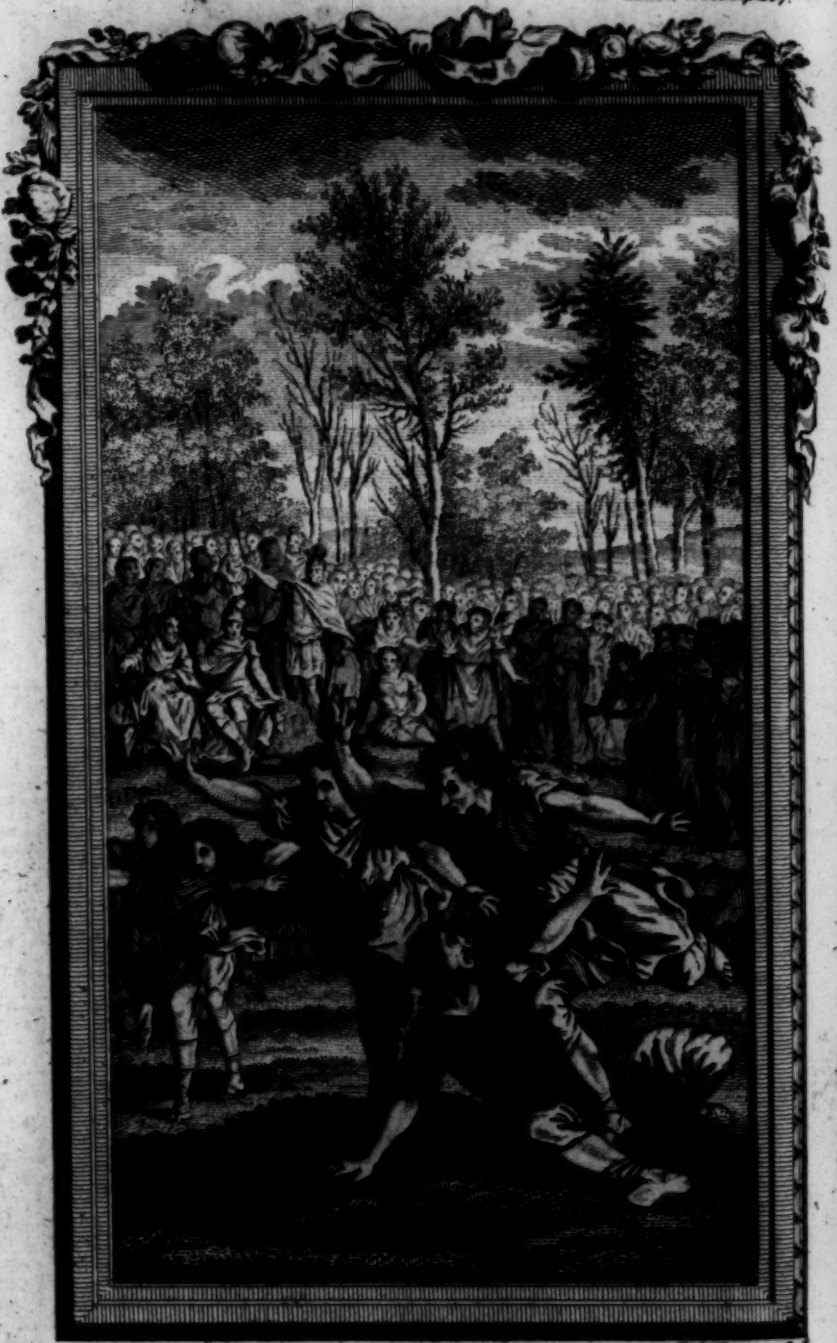
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground;
In vain with loosen'd curls she crawls along,
Yet fierce above, she brandishes her tongue;
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales, 365
But grov'ling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails.
So slowly to the port the Centaur tends.

But what she wants in oars with sails amends:
Yet for his gally sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompence. 370
Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent;

Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood : 375
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theatre, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a sylvan throne the hero sat ;
A num'rous train attend in solemn state : 380
Here those that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honour, and the prize invite.
The rival runners without order stand ;
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
First Nisus with Euryalus appears, 385
Euryalus a boy of blooming years ;
With sprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd ;
Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place : 390
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes :
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest bred, 395
And owning old Acestes for their head.
With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd. 400
One common largess is for all design'd :
The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd.
Two darts of polish'd steel, and Gnosian wood,
A silver studded axe alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed ; 405
The first of these obtains a stately steed
Adorn'd with trappings ; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supply'd ;
A golden belt shall gird his manly side, 410
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be ty'd :
The third this Grecian helmet shall content.
He said ; to their appointed base they went ;
With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
And starting all at once, the barrier leave. 415
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd ;
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd, 420
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind ;
Then Helymus, whom young Dioreas ply'd,
Step after step, and almost side by side :



J. Collier sculp.

His shoulders pressing, and in longer space
Had won, or left at least a dubious race. 425
Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last;
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
Slipp'd first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain:
The careless victor had not mark'd his way; 430
But treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,
His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity, 435
He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus springs out the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd; applauding peals attend 440
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus, and then Dioreas came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.

But Salius enters, and exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd; 445
Urges his cause may in the court be heard,
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.

But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize; 450
Besides Dioreas fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: Let no disputes arise:
Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize. 455
But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend.
He said, and from among the spoils he draws,
(Pond'rous with shaggy main and golden paws)
A lion's hide: to Salius this he gives: 460
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,
He said, and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame? 465
In falling both an equal fortune try'd;
Would fortune for my fall so well provide!
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands and all his habit smear'd with blood.
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd; 470
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield;

Of wond'rous art, by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest,
And equal justice in his gifts express'd. 475

The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
Once more the prince bespeaks th' attentive crowd:
If there be here whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view, 480
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide:

A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief;
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief. 485

Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
And loud applauses echo thro' the field.

Dares alone in combat us'd to stand. 490

The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;

The same at Hector's fun'rals undertook

Gigantic Brutes, of th' Amician stock;

And by the stroke of his resistless hand,

Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand. 495

Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back and ample breast he shows;
His lifted arms around his head he throws,
And deals in whistling air his empty blows. 500
His match is sought; but thro' the trembling band
Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awless insolence; 505
And having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away. 510
The crowd assents, and with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.
Acestes fir'd with just disdain to see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside, 515
And heard and saw unmov'd the Trojan's pride:
Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown?
A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
And shun for fear the danger of the fight? 520

Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thund'ring arm the game;
Where now your baffled honour, where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?
Entellus thus: My soul is still the same; 525
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame;
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain, 530
The brave who this decrepid age defies
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
He said, and rising at the word, he threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets which Eryx wont in fight to wield, 535
And sheath his hands within the list'd field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds
Of tough bulls hides; the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead. 540
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight the hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.

What had your wonder, said Entellus, been, 545
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!
These which I bear your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm; 550
And these I wielded while my blood was warm:
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my
head.

But if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use; 555
If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right.
This said, Entellus for the strife prepares; 560
Strip'd of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly tow'ring object on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supply'd,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they ty'd.
They both on tiptoe stand, at full extent, 566
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;

Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies; 570
One on his sinews and his giant size.

The last is stiff with age, his motion slow,
He heaves for breath; he staggers to and fro;
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow. }
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike; 575
Their ways are different, but their art alike.

Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.
A storm of strokes well-meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears and eyes. 580

Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But with his warping body wards the wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace; 585
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place.

And like a captain, who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle, on a rising ground,
Views all th' approaches with observing eyes,
This and that other part in vain he tries, 590 }
And more on industry than force relies:

With hands on high Entellus threatens the foe;
 But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
 And slipp'd aside, and shun'd the long descending
 blow. }

Entellus wastes his forces on the wind; 595

And thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
 Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,
 And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.

So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
 On Ida's height, or Erymanthus wood, 600

Torn from the roots: the diff'ring nations rise,
 And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.

Acestes runs, with eager haste, to raise

The fall'n companion of his youthful days:

Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd: 605

With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury
 burn'd.

Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,

And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.

He lays on load with either hand amain,

And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain: 610

Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest, nor breath allows, }

But storms of strokes descend about his brows; }

A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.

But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease;
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace. }

First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.

What fury seiz'd my friend? the gods, said he,
To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine; 620

'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.

The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore;

His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood, 625
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.

Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,
And hung his head and trail'd his legs along.

The sword and casque are carried by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain. 630

The champion then before Æneas came,
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame;
O goddess born, and you Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:
Learn what I was by what remains, and know 635
From what impending fate you sav'd my foe.

Sternly he spoke ; and then confronts the bull ;
And on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke descending pierc'd the skull. }
Down drops the beast, nor needs the second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground,
Then thus, in Dares stead I offer this ; 642
Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice :
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield,
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.
This done, Æneas orders, for the close, 646
The strife of archers with contending bows.
The mast, Sergesthus' shatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore :
A flutt'ring dove upon the top they tie, 650
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names : the lots are drawn :
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon : 655
The people shout ; upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd :
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame ;
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound, 660
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.

Acestes in the bottom last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows,
And from the quiver each his arrow chose : 665
Hippocoon's was the first : with forceful sway
It flew, and whizzing, cut the liquid way :
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands ;
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,
And the tree trembled ; and the shouting cries 670
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above ;
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove. }
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord 675
Which fasten'd by the foot the sitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood,
And having first invok'd his brother god, 680
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped ;
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled :
She leaves her life aloft ; she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes grudging at his lot, remains, 685
Without a prize to gratify his pains.

Yet shooting upward sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent;
And latter augures judge from this event. 690
Chaf'd by the speed it fir'd, and as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew;
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way,
Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay. 695
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare;
And trembling turn their wonder into pray'r.
The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace:
Then hon'ring him with gifts above the rest, 700
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
The gods, said he, this miracle have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old; 705
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.
He said, and with the trumpet's chearful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytian envy'd him the prize, 710
Tho' he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.

Who cut the line with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son, 715

And whisper'd thus; with speed Ascanius find,
And if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horseback let him grace his grandfire's day,
And lead his equals arm'd in just array.

He said, and calling out, the cirque he clears; 720
The cloud withdrawn, an open plain appears.

And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers in a line:
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory
shine. }

Thus marching on in military pride, 725
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.

Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreath they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.

Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before: 730

Three graceful troops they form upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head was seen;
Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a space
between. }

The first young Priam led ; a lovely boy,
Whose grandfire was th' unhappy king of Troy : 735
His race in after time was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name ;
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became. }

White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
And on his front a snowy star he bore : 740

Then beauteous Atis, with Iulus bred,
Of equal age the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed, 745
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.

Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view ; 750
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly
grace ;

And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their fires ; and at th' appointed sign, 755
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.

The second signal sounds: the troop divides,
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd
guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin,
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line. 760

They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
With harmless rage, and well dissembled war.

Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun:
Broken they break, and rallying they renew 765
In other forms the military shew.

At last in order undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.

And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring ways, and many a winding fold, 770

Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which deny'd recess;

So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a different way.

Thus dolphins in the deep each other chase, 775
In circles, when they swim around the wat'ry race.

This game, these carousals Ascanius taught,
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.

Shew'd what he learn'd : The Latin fires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art : 780
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,
Which Troy the youths the Trojan troop they name.
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate ;
But fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate.
For while they pay the dead his annual dues, 785
Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views ;
And sends the goddess of the various bow
To try new methods of revenge below ;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay. 790
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And undiscern'd her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gath'ring crowd ; and gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons on the sands alone, 795
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan.
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
Alas ! said one, what oceans yet remain
For us to sail, what labours to sustain ! 800
All take the word, and with a gen'ral groan
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their own.

The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs restrains:
In face and shape old Beroe she became, 805 }
Dorclus' wife, a venerable dame;
Once blest'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying croud she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
O wretched we, whom not the Grecian pow'r, 810
Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun; 815
Since tosd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands;
Wand'ring in exile through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by fortune on this kindred land, 820 }
What should our rest and rising walls withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O, country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew, 825
Or streams of some dissembled Simois view!

Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume ;
Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.

In sleep I saw her ; she supply'd my hands,
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming
brands : 830

With these, said she, these wand'ring ships destroy ;
These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy :
Time calls you now, the precious hour employ. }

Slack not the good presage, while heav'n inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires. 835

See Neptune's altars minister their brands ;
The god is pleas'd, the god supplies our hands.

Then from the pile a flaming fir she drew,
And toss'd in air, amidst the gallies threw.

Wrap'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare : 840

Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,

Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race,

No Beroe this, tho' she belies her face :

What terrors from her frowning front arise ;

Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes ! 845

What rays around her heav'nly face are seen ;

Mark her majestick voice, and more than mortal mien !

Beroe but now I left, whom pin'd with pain,

Her age and anguish from these rites detain.

She said; the matrons seiz'd with new amaze 850

Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:

They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:

They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.

The goddess, having done her task below, 854

Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted
bow.

Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,

The matrons prosecute their mad design:

They shriek aloud, they snatch with impious hands

The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands. 859

Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,

And smoking torches on the ships they cast.

The flame, unstop'd at first, more fury gains;

And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:

Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars, 864

And seizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.

Eumelus was the first the news to bear,

While yet they croud the rural theatre.

Then what they hear is witness'd by their eyes;

A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.

Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led 870

His early warriors on his prancing steed.

And spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd,
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew; 875
What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy!
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Ascanius: while he said, 880
He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his head;
In which the youths to portal arms he led. }
By this Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight,
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light: 886
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
And shake the goddesses from their alter'd mind.
Not so the raging fires their fury cease;
But lurking in the seams with seeming peace, 890
Work on their way amid the smouldring tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague thro' the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails, 895
The fire descends, or mounts, but still prevails:

Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heav'n his hands, and with his hands his vows:
O Jove, he cry'd, if pray'rs can yet have place; 901
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relicks of the Trojan train. 905
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free;
Or let thy fury fall alone on me:
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below.

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise, 910
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which hissing thro' the planks the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest: four ships alone 916
Burn to the waste, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main, 920
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.

Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
The will of heav'n by Pallas was foreshewn;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the fates requir'd; 925
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With chearful words reliev'd his lab'ring mind:
O goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,
With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.
By suff'ring well our fortune we subdue, 930
Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind,
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useles train,
Too num'rous for the ships which yet remain; 935
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease;
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas;
With all their dastard crew, who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all, 940
And from Acestes' name Acesta call.
The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his slumb'ring eyes
His father's shade descended from the skies; 945

And thus he spake : O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death ;
O son, in various toils and troubles tost,
The King of Heav'n employs my careful ghost
On his commands ; the God who sav'd from fire 950
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire :
The wholsom counsel of your friend receive,
And here the coward train and women leave :
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war. 955
The stern Italians with their courage try ;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
But first to Pluto's palace you should go,
And seek my shade among the blest below.
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains, 960
Nor suffers with the damn'd perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains. }
The chaste Sybilla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way ;
There shall you know what realms the gods assign,
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line. 966
But now, farewell ; I vanish with the night,
And feel the blast of heav'n's approaching light ; }
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy
flight. }

Whither so fast, the filial duty cry'd, 970
And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace deny'd!
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes her embers, and renews the fires.
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores. 975
Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision and the gods intent,
With his own purpose: all without delay
The will of Jove and his desires obey.
They list with women each degen'rate name, 980
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
These they cashier; the brave remaining few
Oars, banks, and cables half consum'd renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough;
The lots their several tenements allow. 985
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy,
And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
A chosen senate from the people draws,
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws,
Then on the top of Eryx they begin 990
A rising temple to the Paphian queen:
Anchises last is honour'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd,
And groves are planted round his blest abode. }

Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd,
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound. 996
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas;
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard. 1000

Now loud laments along the shores resound
Of parting friends, in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degen'rate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main;
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share 1005
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war;
Whom good Æneas cheers, and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On Eryx altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas; 1010
Then slips his haulers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd, a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine. 1015
Fresh gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.
Mean time the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:

The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage, 1020
The malice, which no suff'rings can assuage,
Compel me to these pray'rs: since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate;
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife. 1025
As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown,
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell, 1030
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storms she rais'd on Lybian floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign. 1035
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames;
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his foll'wers on a foreign coast.
For what remains your godhead I implore, 1040
And trust my son to your protecting pow'r.
If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land.

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main: 1044
What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth; my late defence
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee Xanthus, and thee Simois I attest: 1050
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against their walls the trembling train, }
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain: }
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way, 1055 }
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea, }
New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way: }
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's fight, 1060
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I fought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore: 1065
Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
 His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws, 1070
 And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
 High on the waves his azure car he guides,
 Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
 And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides. }
 The tempests fly before their father's face, 1075
 Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
 And monster whales before their master play,
 And quires of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
 The martial'd pow'rs in equal troops divide
 To right and left: the gods his better side 1080
 Inclose, and on the worse the nymphs and nereids
 ride. }

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
 Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
 He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display,
 The chearful crew with diligence obey; 1085
 They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea. }
 A-head of all the master pilot steers,
 And as he leads the following navy veers.
 The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky,
 The drowsy rowers on their benches lie; 1090

When the soft god of sleep with easy flight
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.

Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey ;

To thee alone he takes his fatal way.

Dire dreams to thee and iron sleep he bears, 1095

And lighting on thy prow the form of Phorbas wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale :

The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale ;

The ships without thy care securely sail.

Now steal an hour of sweet repose, and I 1100

Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.

To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep :

Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep !

The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,

And to her faith commit the Trojan race ? 1105

Shall I believe the Siren south again,

And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main ?

He said ; his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,

And fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading sleep.

The god was wroth, and at his temples threw 1110

A branch in Lethe dip'd, and drunk with Stygian dew :

The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,

Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.

Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,

The god, insubing with superior strength, 1115

Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And with the stern the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and struggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain :
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air, 1120
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies ;
But what the man forsook the god supplies,
And o'er the dang'rous deep secure the navy flies. }
Glides by the Siren's cliffs, a shelly coast, 1125
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones : Th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks, and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground. 1130
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death, and thus his pain express'd ; 1134
For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flatt'ring sky,
Thy naked corps is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.

THE
SIXTH BOOK

OF THE
Æ N E I S.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shews him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

T H E
S I X T H B O O K

O F T H E

Æ N E I S.

HE said, and wept: then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumæan
shore :

 } Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand. 5
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed ;
Some gather sticks the kindled flames to feed :
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace thro' vallies the discover'd floods.
Thus while their sev'ral charges they fulfil, 10
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd ; and seeks the shade,
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode ;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god. 15

Thro' Trivia's grove they walk ; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
(The first who sail'd in air,) 'tis sung by fame, 20
To the Cumæan coast at length he came,
And here alighting built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cuts the sky ;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd 25
Andrœgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost :
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast : 30
The mournful parents stand around in tears,
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen :
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye ; 35
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beast, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.
Not far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous maze ;
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways ; 40

Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
Not to be found but by the faithful clue :
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief ;
And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold ;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming
mould. 50

All this with wond'ring eyes Æneas view'd ;
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame, }
The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name. 55 }
Time suffers not, she said, to feed your eyes
With empty pleasures : haste the sacrifice.
Sev'n bullocks yet unyok'd for Phœbus choose,
And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes.
This said, the servants urge their sacred rites, 60
While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,

Thro' the hill's hollow sides : before the place,
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace : 65
As many voices issue ; and the sound
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come : aloud she cries,
This is the time, enquire your destinies.
He comes, behold the god ! Thus while she said, 70
(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry staid)
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came :
Her hair stood up ; convulsive rage possess'd 75
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast,
Greater than human kind she seem'd to look ;
And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke, 80
Why this delay, she cry'd ; the pow'rs invoke.
Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
She said no more : the trembling Trojans hear,
O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear. 85
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd :

Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy ;
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart 90
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part ;
Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,
Thro' ambient seas, and thro' devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground,
And now at length the flying coast is found : 95
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursu'd her wand'ring race :
Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end,
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see 100
Th' event of things in dark futurity,
Give me, what heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian state ;
To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of a Trojan race. 105
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r ;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land, 110
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,

Preferv'd in shrines ; and ev'ry sacred lay,
Which by thy mouth Apollo shall convey ;
All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain. 115

But, Oh ! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind ;
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate :

Write not, but what the pow'rs ordain relate.
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load, 120

And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd ;
Commands his entrance, and without controul,
Usurps her organs, and aspires her soul. 125

Now with a furious blast the hundred doors
Ope of themselves ; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave ; and Sibyl's voice restores. }

Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain. 130

The coast so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but having reach'd repent.

Wars, horrid wars I view ; a field of blood ;
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.

Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there ; 135
A new Achilles shall in arms appear :

And he too, goddess-born : fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort !
Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court !

140

The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd,
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest :
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
The dawns of thy safety shall be shown, 145
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town.

Thus from the dark recess the Sibyl spoke,
And the resisting air the thunder broke ;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook. }
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'ring breast, }
In these mysterious words his mind express'd : 151 }
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.

At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And ebbing in her soul the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: No terror to my view, 155
No frightful face of danger can be new :
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
The fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my
care.

This let me crave, since near your grove the road
To Hell lies open, and the dark abode 160
Which Acheron furrounds, th' innavigable flood;
Conduct me thro' the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's sight.
For him a thousand dangers I have fought;
And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the sacred burden brought. 166
He for my sake the raging ocean try'd,
And wrath of Heav'n, my still auspicious guide,
And bore beyond the strength decrepid age supply'd.
Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of night; 170
His rev'rend image stood before my sight;
Enjoin'd to seek below his holy shade,
Conducted there by your unerring aid.
But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,
Oblige the father and protect the son: 175
Your's is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you priestesses of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
And from the shades below redeem his wife; 180
If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below:

Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could
ascend ! 185

Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came ;
My mother greater, my descent the same.

So pray'd the Trojan prince ; and while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus reply'd the prophets divine : 190

O goddess-born ! of great Anchises' line,

The gates of Hell are open night and day ;

Smooth the descent, and easy is the way :

But to return, and view the chearful skies,

In this the task and mighty labour lies. 195

To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,

And those of shining worth and heav'nly race.

Betwixt those regions and our upper light,

Deep forests and impenetrable night

Possess the middle space : th' infernal bounds 200

Cocytus with his sable waves surrounds.

But if so dire a love your soul invades,

As twice below to view the trembling shades,

If you so hard a toil will undertake

As twice to pass th' innavigable lake ; 205

Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove

There stands a tree : the queen of Stygian Jove

Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but wond'rous to behold, 210
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies:
The first thus rent, a second will arise; 215 }
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand, 220
Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state;
If not, no labour can the tree constrain,
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
Besides you know not, while you here attend, 225
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies; and his unbury'd ghost,
Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues; and for the dead,
Two fable sheep around his hearse be led. 230

Then living turfs upon his body lay ;
This done, fecurely take the deftin'd way,
To find the regions deftitute of day. }
She faid, and held her peace. Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of difcontent, 235 }
Unknowing whom the fared Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breaft,
Goes grieving by his fide, with equal cares opprefs'd.
Walking they talk'd, and fruitlefsly divin'd
What friend the prieftefs by thofe words defign'd. 240
But foon they found an object to deplore :
Mifenus lay extended on the fhore,
Son of the god of winds ; none fo renown'd
The warrior trumpet in the field to found :
With breathing brafs to kindle fierce alarms, 245
And rouze to dare their fate in honourable arms..
He ferv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his fpear.
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He chofe Æneas, and he chofe as well. 250
Swoln with applaufe, and aiming ftill at more,
He now provokes the fea-gods from the fhore ;
With envy Triton heard the martial found,
And the bold champion for his challenge drown'd.

Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand : 255
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep, but most Æneas mourns his fate,
And hastens to perform the fun'ral state.
In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear,
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air. 260
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,
(The shady covert of the savage kind)
The Trojans found : the sounding axe is ply'd ;
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the tow'ring pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke ; 265
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And by his pious labour urges theirs. 270
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind,
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then with vows implor'd the queen of love.
O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me, 275
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest ; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas ! too true, Misenus' death.

Scarce had he said, when full before his sight 280 }
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight. }

He knew his mother's birds, and thus he pray'd :
Be you my guide, with your auspicious aid,
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found
Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground : 285
And thou, great parent ! with celestial care,
In this distress be present to my pray'r.

Thus having said, he stopp'd ; with watchful sight
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs they shew : }
They fed, and fluttr'ing by degrees withdrew 291 }
Still farther from the place, but still in view.

Hopping and flying, thus they led him on
To the flow lake ; whose baleful stench to shun
They wing'd their flight aloft ; then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden bough.
Thro' the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows glow,
As on the sacred oak the wintry mistleto ;
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches, which she never sow'd. 300
Such was the glitt'ring ; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.

He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away with ease the ling'ring gold:
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize. 305 }
Mean time the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes, }
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies. }
First from the ground a lofty pile they rear
Of pitch-trees, oaks and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabrick's front with cypress twigs they strew, 310
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yeugh.
The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;
Warm waters then, in brazen caldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint;
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint. 315
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body thus bewail'd they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away:
(Such rev'rend rites their fathers us'd to pay.) 320 }
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow:
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour;
Then on the living coals red wine they pour;
And last the relics by themselves dispose, 325
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.

Old Chorineus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew,
Which thrice he sprinkled round; and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd. 330

But good Æneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb: whose top a trumpet bore,
A soldier's faulchion, and a seaman's oar. }
Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cave consigns his name. 335

These rites perform'd, the prince without delay
Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
Deep was the cave; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends, 340
And here th' innavigable lake extends.

O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies: 345
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.

Four fable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns; 350
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,

Invoking Hecate hither to repair,
(A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.)
The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive 355
The streaming blood: a lamb to hell and night
(The sable wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers; and by fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills; 360
Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills;
Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours,
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
Nor ended till the next returning sun. 365
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
Ere Hecate came: far hence be souls profane,
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abstain.
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford: 370
Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space,
The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.
Ye realms yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night, 375

Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.

Obscure they went thro' dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead:

Thus wander travellers in woods by night, 380

By the moon's doubtful and malignant light;

When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,

And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell; 385

And pale diseases, and repining age;

Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage:

Here toils and death, and death's half-brother, sleep,

Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:

With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind, 390

Deep frauds before, and open force behind:

The furies iron beds, and strife that shakes

Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.

Full in the midst of this infernal road

An elm displays her dusky arms abroad: 395

The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,

And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.

Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more;

Centaur and double shapes besiege the door:

Before the passage horrid Hydra stands, 400
And Briareus with all his hundred hands :
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard, 405
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face ;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty fancies were,
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way, 410
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost :
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast ;
A sordid god : down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean : 415
His eyes like hollow furnaces on fire :
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas, with his pole he steers ;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years ; yet in his years were seen 420
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood.

Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes more majestic shades, 425
And youths intomb'd before their father's eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries :
Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands : 430
Such and so thick the shiv'ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands. }

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore ;
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes 435
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant ?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent ?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd ?
Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd ? 440

Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,
The Sibyl said, you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which heav'n's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew. 445
Depriv'd of sepulchres, and fun'ral due.
The boatman Charon ; those, the bury'd host,
He ferries over to the farther coast.

Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves 449
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length their penance done are wasted o'er.
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast. 454
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their fun'ral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet
 graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew ;
Whom on the Tyrrhene seas the tempests met,
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erfet. 460
Amidst the spirits Palinurus press'd,
Yet fresh from life, a new admitted guest ;
Who while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
His coast from Africk to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down : the Trojan fix'd his view, 465
And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen shadow knew.
Then thus the prince : What envious pow'r, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end ?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd. 470
The god foretold you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.

Is this th' unerring pow'r? The ghost reply'd,
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers ly'd;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep: 475
But while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep. }
I fell, and with my weight the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear, 480
Your safety more than mine was then my care;
Left, of the guide bereft, the rudder-lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last: 485
High on a mountain wave my head I bore,
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore:
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While cumber'd with my dropping cloaths I lay, 490
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast;
And now by winds and waves my lifeless limbs are
toft:
Which O avert! by yon ethereal light
Which I have lost, for this eternal night: 495

Or if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead fire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose: 500
Or if a nearer way your mother shows,
Without whose aid you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore. 505
Scarce had he said, the prophets began;
What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou thus untomb'd to cross the floods,
To view the furies and infernal gods,
And visit without leave the dark abodes? 510
Attend the term of long revolving years;
Fate and the dooming gods are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
The wrath of heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast, 515
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost;
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r,
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.
This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name. 520

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom from the shore the surly boatman saw;
Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath; 525
Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'd to tread, I charge thee stand,
And tell thy name and bus'ness in the land.
Know this the realm of night, the Stygian shore;
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er: 530
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear;
Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter ty'd, 535
And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
Two fought by force to seize his beauteous bride.
To whom the Sibyl thus, compose thy mind;
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain 540
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train,
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his fire in your Elysian grove. 545

If neither piety, nor heav'n's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail at least;
Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her
vest.

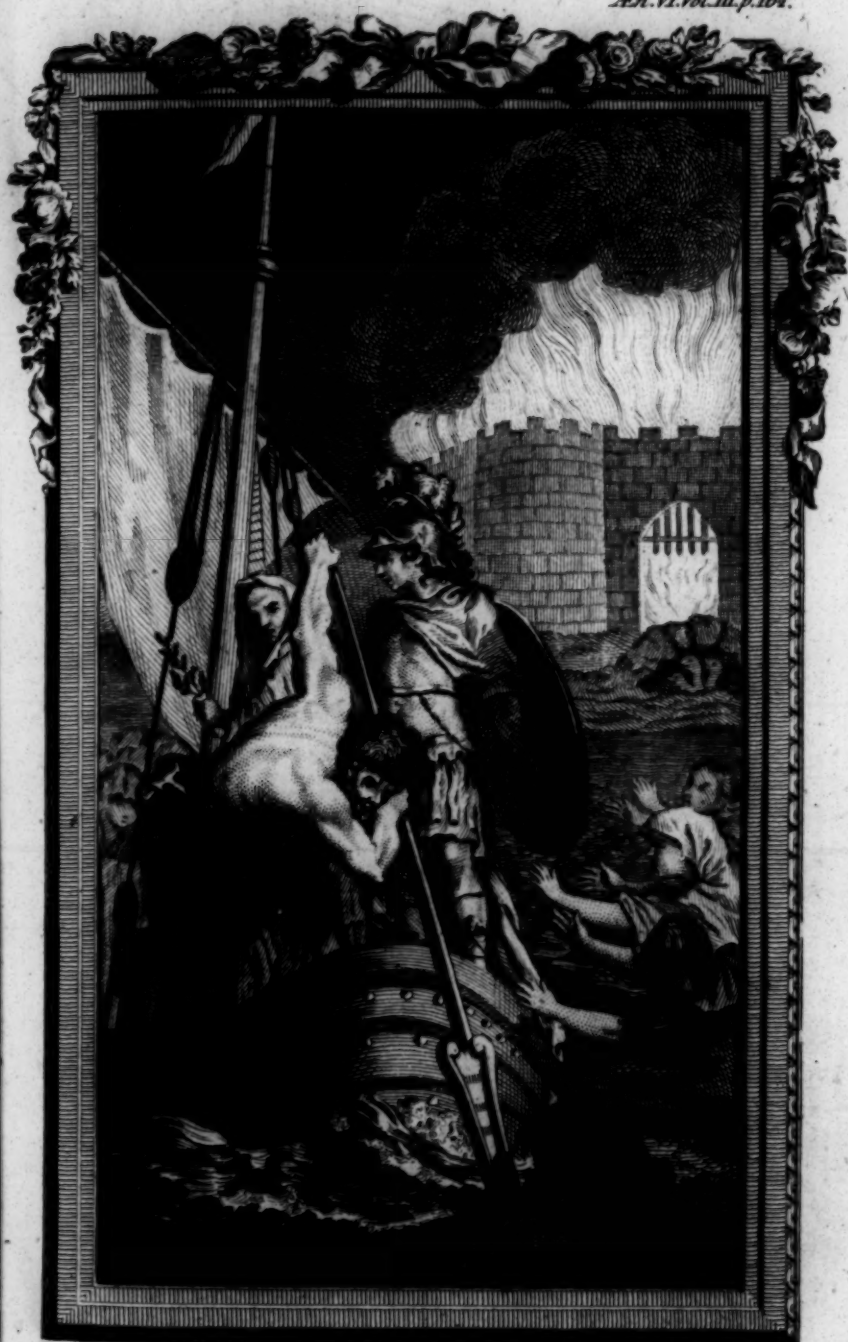
No more was needful; for the gloomy god 550
Stood mute with awe to see the golden rod:
Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to the queen,
(A venerable gift so rarely seen).

His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land:
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command: 555
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides;
The pressing water pours within her sides.

His passengers at length are wasted o'er, 560
Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus; who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair. 565

The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinding jaws, just op'd to roar:



J. Collyer sculp.

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With three enormous mouths he gapes, and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait. 571

Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and falling, fills the spacious cave.

The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way. 575

Before the gates the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,

Affaults his ears: then those whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.

Nor want they lots, nor judges to review 580
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.

Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes with his assessors hears.

Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls;
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls. 585

The next in place and punishment are they
Who prodigally throw their souls away.

Fools, who repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.

With late repentance, now they would retrieve 590
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;

Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heav'n and breathe the vital

air.

But fate forbids ; the Stygian floods oppose,
And with nine circling streams the captive soul
inclose. 595

Not far from thence the mournful fields appear,
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.

The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades.

Make endless moans, and pining with desire, 600
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.

Here Procris, Eriphylé here he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound

Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair. 605

There Laodamia, with Evadne moves ;

Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man :

But ending in the sex she first began.

Not far from these Phænician Dido stood, 610
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood.

Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,

(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light :) 615

With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade,

And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said :

Unhappy queen ! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas, the cause ! by heav'n I vow, 620
And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state ;
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate :
Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions, void of light, 625 }
Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to presume that, press'd with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows ;
'Tis the last interview that fate allows ! 630
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and pray'rs, and late repenting love.
Disdainfully she look'd ; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground ;
And what he says and swears regards no more 635
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar :
But whirl'd away to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest and the shades of night :
Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid, 641
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,

Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And with his guide the farther fields attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls
remain'd. 645

Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldier's grace;
And pale Adrastus, with his ghastly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train;
All much lamented, all in battle slain. 650
Glaucus and Medon high above the rest,
Antenor's son, and Ceres' sacred priest:
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts in circling troops attend, 655
And with unweary'd eyes behold their friend;
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train, 659
When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the shady plain,
Fled from his well-known face with wonted fear,
As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the
routed rear.

They rais'd a feeble cry with trembling notes; 664
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continu'd wound.
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown 670
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
And therefore first began: O Teucer's race,
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict this dire
disgrace?

'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night 675
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight;
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed; 680
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I sought, and had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground.

The ghost reply'd, your piety has paid 685
All needful rites to rest my wand'ring shade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.

These are the monuments of Helen's love :
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above. 690
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night, that was by heav'n decreed our last.
For when the fatal horse descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies, left my bed 695
And mix'd with Trojan dames the dances led ;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd, }
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest ; 700 }
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Mean time my worthy wife our arms misslaid,
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd ;
The door unlatch'd, and with repeated calls
Invites her former lord within my walls. 705
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more : into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way : 710 }
Avenging pow'r ! with justice if I pray, }
That fortune be their own another day.

But answer you ; and in your turn relate
What brought you living to the Stygian state ?
Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea, 715 }
Or did you heav'n's superior doom obey ? }
Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats ?
While thus in talk the flying hours they pass, 720
The sun had finish'd more than half his race :
And they perhaps in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay which heav'n had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay :
Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day ; 725
'Tis here in diff'rent paths the way divides ;
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides ;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends ; 729 }
The seat of night profound and punish'd fiends. }
Then thus Deiphobus : O sacred maid !
Forbear to chide, and be your will obey'd :
Lo to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd, 735
And born to better fates than I have found.

He said; and while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.

The hero looking on the left espy'd

A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side 740

With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,

Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds;

And press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise
resounds. }

Wide is the fronting gate, and rais'd on high

With adamantine columns threatens the sky. 745

Vain is the force of man, and heav'n's as vain,

To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.

Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd,

And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward;

Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day, 750

Observant of the souls that pass the downward way:

From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains

Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.

The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries, 754

And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise?

And what the crimes and what the tortures were,

And loud laments that rent the liquid air?

She thus reply'd: The chaste and holy race

Are all forbidden this polluted place.

But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling thro' those dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate,
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime ; 765
Inquires into the manner, place, and time :
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal ;
Loth to confess, unable to conceal ;
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death. 770
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost the fury shakes
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,
And the pale sinner with her sisters takes.
Then of itself unfolds th' eternal door ;
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar. 775
You see before the gate what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what centries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulph low to the center lies, 780
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here sing'd with lightning roll within th' unfathom'd
space. I 2

Here lie th' Alean twins, (I saw them both)
Enormous bodies of gigantick growth, 785
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus suff'ring cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimick thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze 790
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:
He wav'd a torch aloft, and madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train. 795
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high, 800
Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth 804
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth:
Here his gigantick limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.

A rav'nous vulture in his open'd side
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd :
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast, 810
The growing liver still supply'd the feast :
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains ;
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithous I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame. 815
High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of furies by their sides is set, 820
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat.
Which if they touch her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
Then they who brothers better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne : 825
Defraud their clients, and to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold ;
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend ;
Vast is the throng of these ; nor less the train 830
Of lustful youths for foul adult'ry slain.

Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold :
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain. 835
Ask not what pains ; nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone ; some laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels
are hung.

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there, 840
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair ;

And wretched Phlegias warns the world with cries, }
(Could warning make the world more just or wise,) }
Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities. }

To tyrants others have their country sold, 845
Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold :

Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.

With incest some their daughters bed profan'd : 849

All dar'd the worst of ills, and what they dar'd attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue ; 855
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view :
The gate and iron arch above it stands
On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
Before our farther way the fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough. 860
She said; and through the gloomy shades they pass'd,
And chose the middle path: arriv'd at last,
The prince with living water sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body, then approach'd the door ;
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above 865
He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
With æther vested and a purple sky ; 870
The blissful seats of happy souls below ;
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestlers prize.
Some in heroick verse divinely sing, 875
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.

His flying fingers and harmonious quill 879
Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once
they fill.

Here found they Teucer's old heroick race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar, 885
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war :
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
The love of horses which they had alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive. 890
Some chearful souls were feasting on the plain ;
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain.
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who for their country's good, 895
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood :
Priests of unblemish'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring god ;
And searching wits, of more mechanick parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts. 900
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.

The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd, 905 }
And first to him surrounded by the rest ;
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast :

Say, happy souls, divine Musæus say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake 910
We fought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake ?

To this the sacred poet thus reply'd ;
In no fix'd place the happy souls reside ;
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds 914

By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads.
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.

This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining fields below ; 919 }
They wind the hill, and through the blissful mea-
dows go.

But old Anchises in a flow'ry vale
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale.
Those happy spirits, which ordain'd by fate,
For future being and new bodies wait ; 924
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
In nature's order as they pass'd along.

Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates, and successful war.

He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears. 930

Welcome, he said, the gods undoubted race ;

O long expected to my dear embrace ;

Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face !

The love and pious duty which you pay

Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way. 935

'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd

The happy day approach'd ; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.

What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,

What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast ?

How have I fear'd your fate ! but fear'd it most 940

When love assail'd you on the Lybian coast.

To this the Filial Duty thus replies :

Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes

Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise. }

After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea, 945

My navy rides at anchor in the bay.

But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun

The dear embraces of your longing son !

He said, and falling tears his face bedew :

Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw ; 950

And thrice the flitting shadow flipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now in a secret vale the Trojan fees
A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze 954
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' the
trees ;

And just before the confines of the wood
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees that hunt the golden
dew ;

In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed, 960
And creep within their bells to suck the balmy feed.
The winged army roams the field around ;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wond'ring stood ; then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws : 965
Then thus the fire : The souls that throng the flood
Are those, to whom by fate are other bodies ow'd :
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste ;
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place, 970
To set before your fight your glorious race ;
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
To seek the shores by destiny design'd.

O father, can it be, that souls sublime
 Return to visit our terrestrial clime? 975
 And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
 Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?
 Anchises then in order thus begun
 To clear those wonders to his godlike son.
 Know first that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
 And flowing waters, and the starry flame, 981
 And both the radiant lights, one common soul
 Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
 This active mind infus'd thro' all the space,
 Unites and mingles with the mighty mass. 985
 Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
 And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
 Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
 And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame;
 As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy 990
 Of mortal members, subject to decay, }
 Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.
 From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
 Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts;
 And grief and joy; nor can the grov'ling mind, }
 In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd, 996
 Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind. }

Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The relicks of invet'rate vice they wear, 1000
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires, 1004
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their Manes, and those Manes bear;
The few so cleans'd to these abodes repair,
And breathe in ample fields the soft Elysian air. }
Then are they happy, when by length of time 1009
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure æther of the soul remains.
But when a thousand rolling years are past,
(So long their punishments and penance last,)
Whole droves of minds are by the driving god
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean flood; 1016
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours, and their irksome years;
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again. 1020
Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,

And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
Survey (pursu'd the fire) this airy throng, 1025
As offer'd to the view they pass along :
These are th' Italian names which fate will join
With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in fight,
And holds the nearest station to the light ; 1030
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear ;
Silvius is he, thy last begotten race,
But first in order sent to fill thy place ;
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood, 1035
Born in the covert of a shady wood :
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
And born a king, a race of kings beget. 1040
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
And second Silvius after these appears ;
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
For arms and justice equally renown'd, 1045
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.

How great they look, how vigorously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield !
But they who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear ; 1050
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found,
And raise Colatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to restore 1055
The crown that once his injur'd grandfire wore.
This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,
And like his fire in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests his royal head adorn ;
Born from a god, himself to godhead born. 1060
His fire already signs him for the skies,
And marks the seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief ! thy race in times to come
Shall spread the conquest of imperial Rome :
Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her shade. 1066
High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd, 1070

A hundred gods her sweeping train supply ;
Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race and Julian progeny.

The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, 1075
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd
pow'r.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself exalted in his line ;

Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old ; 1080
Born to restore a better age of gold.

Africk and India shall his pow'r obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway,
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way ;

Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around, 1085
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.

At his foreseen approach already quake
The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.

Their seers behold the tempests from afar,
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war. 1090
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,

And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew fates,
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he flew ;

Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar, 1095
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tygers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins. 1100
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view;
But what's the man who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring 1105
His lost idea back; I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode a sceptre to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds;
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds. 1110
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air, 1115
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings; th' avenging sword
Of Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.

He first renews the rods and axe severe,
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear. 1120
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
 And long for arbitrary lords again,
 With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
 He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting publick right.
 Unhappy man, to break the pious laws 1125
 Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
 Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
 'Tis love of honour, and his country's good: }
 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood. }
 Behold Torquatus the same track pursue, 1130
 And next the two devoted Decii view.
 The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'er-
 come.
 The pair you see in equal armour shine,
 (Now, friends below, in close embraces join; 1135
 But when they leave the shady realms of night,
 And cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,)
 With mortal hate each other shall pursue;
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue:
 From Alpine heights the father first descends; 1140 }
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends: }
 His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends. }

Embrace again my sons, be foes no more,
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim, 1145
Thou of my blood who bear'st the Julian name.
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide ;
From conquer'd Corinth rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils, 1150
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws ;
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause ;
Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race ;
Shall vindicate his ancestors disgrace ;
And Pallas for her violated place. 1155 }
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage ? Who can see, 1160
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The Ploughman consul in his coarse attire !
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim ;
And thou great hero, greatest of thy name, 1165
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And by delays to put a stop to fate !

Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face; 1170
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise:
But Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway
To rule mankind, and make the world obey, 1174
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way:
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
He paus'd; and while with wond'ring eyes they
view'd

The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils, 1180
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal
spoils!

He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright,
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight: 1185
Then to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas here beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glitt'ring armour shine:

With great Marcellus keeping equal pace ; 1190
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he who press'd the hero's
side ?

His son, or one of his illustrious name,
How like the former, and almost the same : 1195
Observe the crowds that compass him around ;
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound :
But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,
And night with sable shades involves his head.
Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears) 1200
The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great. 1205
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field !
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield !
What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tyber see,
When rising from his bed he views the sad solemnity !
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give, 1210
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast ;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost !

Mirror of ancient faith in early youth !

Undaunted worth, inviolable truth ! 1215

No foe unpunish'd in the fighting field

Shall dare thee foot to foot with sword and shield ;

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,

When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.

Ah, could'st thou break through fate's severe decree,

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee ! 1221

Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,

Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring :

Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow ;

This gift which parents to their children owe, 1225

This unavailing gift, at least I may bestow !

Thus having said, he led the hero round

The confines of the blest Elysian ground ;

Which, when Anchises to his son had shown, 1229

And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,

He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate ;

The strength and customs of the Latian state ;

The prince and people ; and fore-arms his care

With rules to push his fortune or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn ; 1235

Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn ;

True visions thro' transparent horn arise,

Thro' polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.

Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,

Anchises hither bends his steps at last.

1240

Then through the gate of iv'ry he dismiss'd

His valiant offspring, and divining guest.

Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,

Embark'd his men, and skim'd along the sea;

Still coasting till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.

1245

At length on oozy ground his gallies moor;

Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

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THE
SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

VOL. III.

K

T H E

A R G U ^H M E N T.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Allecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes, whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains, 5
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Now when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright, 10
And the sea trembled with her silver light. }
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun,)
A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays: 15

In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main,)
The roars of lions that refuse the chain;
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears, 20
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r
(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour) 25
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
Should bear or touch upon th' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night. 30
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding shore,
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
Now when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies; 35
When Thetis blush'd in purple not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown.
A sudden silence fate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars with struggling urge their way.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood, 40
Which thick with shades and a brown horror flood:
Betwixt the trees the Tyber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea. 45
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train 50
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was, her ancient kings:
Declare the past and present state of things: 55
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I shall sing of battles, blood and rage, 60
Which princes and their people did engage:
And haughty souls, that mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate:

That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms. 65

A larger scene of action is display'd,
And rising hence a greater work is weigh'd.

Latious old and mild had long possess'd
The Latium sceptre, and his people bless'd:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame 70
His mother, fair Marica was her name.

But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family. 75

But this old peaceful prince, as heav'n decreed,
Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate;
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.

Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led, 80
The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,

Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen: 85

With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand;
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood,
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair 90
Was kept, and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd;
And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god. 95
It happen'd once, (a boding prodigy,)
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,
Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight:
There with their clasping feet together clung, 100
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesy'd from hence:
Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth: his army lands; 105
The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands. }
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire,
Before the gods, and stood beside her fire;
Strange to relate, the flames, involv'd the smoke
Of incense from the sacred altar broke; 110
Caught her dishevell'd hair and rich attire;
Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:

From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views; 115
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews.
The nymph who scatters flaming fires around
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd:
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state. 120
Latinus, frighted with this dire portent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went;
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.
To those the Latian and the Sabine land 125
Fly when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumber sees:
A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,
And flutt'ring round his temples deafs his ears: 130
These he consults, the future fates to know,
From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
Here for the god's advice Latinus flies,
Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd, 135
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.

No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When from above a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears, and thus the vision spoke:
Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke: 140 }
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound: 145 }
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.
These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame, thro' all the neighb'ring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view. 150 }

Beneath a shady tree the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread,
And with his chiefs on forest fruits he fed. }
They fate, and (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare dispatch'd: the hungry band 155
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flow'r.
Ascanius this observ'd, and smiling said,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed. 160
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place. 165

Æneas took the word, and thus replies,
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes :)
All hail, O earth ! all hail my household gods,
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes ! 165
For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold.
“ When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
“ By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
“ Then ease your weary Trojans will attend, 170
“ And the long labours of your voyage end.
“ Remember on that happy coast to build,
“ And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.”
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wand'ring of our exil'd race. 175
Then on to-morrow's dawn your care employ
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men ; but give this day to joy. }
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast : 180
Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught ;
Enjoy the present hour, adjourn the future thought.
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches ; then perform'd his vows :
Adoring first the genius of the place, 185
Then earth, the mother of the heav'nly race ;

The nymphs and native godheads yet unknown,
And night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne.
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove; 189
And last his sire below, and mother queen above.

Then heav'ns high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud :
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumor flew ;
The time was come their city to renew :
Then ev'ry brow with chearful green is crown'd, 195
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
The coasts, and windings of the crooked shore. 200
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who fought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects, 205
And to the Latian court their course directs :
(The spacious palace where the prince resides ;)
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commissioned to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access. 210

Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
The new elected seat, and draws the lines ;
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Mean time the train, proceeding on their way, 215
From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey :

At length approach the walls : without the gate

They see the boys and Latian youth debate

The martial prizes on the dusty plain :

Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein ; 220

Some bend the stubborn bow for victory,

And some with darts their active sinews try.

A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,

Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,

That foreign men of mighty stature came ; 225

Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.

The king ordains their entrance, and ascends

His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.

The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,

Supported by a hundred pillars stood ; 230

And round encompass'd with a rising wood.

The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,

Surpriz'd at once with rev'rence and delight.

There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'reign pow'r :
In state the monarch march'd, the lictors bore
Their awful axes and the rods before. 236 }

Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r,
And here the sacred senators repair :
All at large tables in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat. 240 }

Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandfires stood.
Old Saturn with his crooked scythe on high,
And Italus, that led the colony ;
And ancient Janus, with his double face, 245 }

And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines ;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines. 250 }

Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought. 251 }

Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears ;
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their
wars. 252 }

Above the rest, as chief of all the band, 255 }

Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand ;
His other wav'd a long divining wand. 256 }

Girt in his gabin gown the hero fate :
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain, 260
Till love refus'd converted to disdain :
Then mixing pow'rful herbs with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pye. 265
In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus fate ;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train,
And thus, with pleasing accents he began :
Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own, 270
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown ;
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound ?
Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground ?
Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befall to miserable men : 275
Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way ?
Say what you want, the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd ;
For since the time of Saturn's holy reign, 280
His hospitable customs we retain.

I call to mind, (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told, that Dardanus, tho' born
On Latian plains, yet fought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before: 285
From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth;
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and as a god augments their sacrifice.
He said: Ilioneus made this reply. 290
O king, of Faunus royal family!
Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.
Willing we fought your shores, and hither bound,
The port so long desir'd at length we found. 295
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line who rules above,
And as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command, 300
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms; 305

Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky,
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropicks lie:
From that dire deluge, thro' the wat'ry waste, 310
Such length of years, such various perils past:
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare,
The common water, and the common air; }
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods. 316
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Besides what endless honour you shall gain
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train. 320
Now by my sov'reign and his fate I swear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war,
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd
And what we seek of you of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear. 325
These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends; 330

Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his fire possess'd.
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ: 336

This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore
In full assemblies, and in solemn games;
These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames. 340

Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest:
But pond'ring future things of wond'rous weight; 345
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate;
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind,
And then resolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.

This was the foreign prince by fate decreed
To share his sceptre and Lavinia's bed: 350

This was the race that sure portents foresaw
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his chearful head and spoke:
The pow'rs, said he, the pow'rs we both invoke,

To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be, 355

And firm our purpose with their augury.

Have what you ask; your presents I receive,

Land where and when you please with ample leave;

Partake and use my kingdom as your own,

And shall be yours, while I command the crown. 360

And if my wish'd alliance please your king,

Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:

Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;

The peace is made when I behold him here.

Besides this answer, tell my royal guest, 365

I add to his commands my own request:

One only daughter heirs my crown and state,

Whom not our oracles, nor heav'n, nor fate,

Nor frequent prodigies permit to join

With any native of th' Ausonian line. 370

A foreign son-in-law shall come from far,

(Such is our doom,) a chief renown'd in war;

Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,

And thro' the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.

Himself to be the man the fates require 375

I firmly judge, and what I judge desire.

He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed;

Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,

Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd,
Of these he chose the fairest and the best, 380

To mount the Trojan troop; at his command
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand;
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.

Then to his absent guest the king decreed 385

A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed;
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire,
Whom Circe stole from her celestial fire,
By substituting mares produc'd on earth,

Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.

These draw the chariot which Latinus sends, 391

And the rich present to the prince commends.

Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans born,

To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachymus height, 395

As she from Argos took her airy flight,

Beheld with envious eyes this hateful sight.

She saw the Trojan and his joyful train

Descend upon the shore, desert the main;

Design a town, and with unhop'd success 400

Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.

Then pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,

Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:

O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes !

O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose !

Could they not fall unpity'd on the plain, 405

But slain, revive, and taken, 'scape again ?

When execrable Troy in ashes lay,

Thro' fires, and swords, and seas, they forc'd their way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend, 410

Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.

Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,

Or does my glutted spleen at length relent ?

As if 'twere little from their town to chase,

I thro' the seas pursu'd their exil'd race : 415

Engag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main ;

But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.

What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,

When these they overpass, and those they shun ?

On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate, 420

Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate.

Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe,

And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath ;

Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon :

What great offence had either people done ? 425

But I, the consort of the thunderer,

Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war :

With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.

If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without :

If Jove and heav'n my just desires deny,
Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and Jove supply.

Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree
The Trojan race to reign in Italy ;

At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And with protracted wars the peace delay :

With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
And both the people near destruction brought.

So shall the son-in-law and father join
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.

O fatal maid ! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood !

Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires her native land !

A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound ;
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.

This fury fit for her intent she chose,
One who delights in wars and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own mishapen race ; 455
Her sister furies fly her hideous face ;
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite :
O virgin daughter of eternal night, 460
Give me this once thy labour to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince :
Expel from Italy that odious name, 465
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate, }
Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays, 470
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds :
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war. 475
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury sprang above the Stygian flood ;

And on her wicker wings, sublime thro' night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight: 479
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossest'd, }
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest. }
From her black bloody locks the fury shakes 485
Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart;
That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims 491
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs;
His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs, 495
And with her circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war, 500
And thus bespoke her husband: Shall, she said,
A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?

If nature pleads not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come, 505
You would in vain reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In shew of friendship, fought the Spartan shore, 510
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word,
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son. 515
Resume your ancient care; and if the god,
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood;
Know, all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the line of Turnus you retrace, 520
He springs from Inachus, of Argive race.
But when she saw her reason illy spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast; 525
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the publick place.

And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about, 530
Admir'd with clamours of the beardless rout ;
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke :
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes. 535
Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before :
She flies the town, and mixing with a throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along ;
Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays. 541
She feign'd the rights of Bacchus, cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O Bacchus ! thus began the song,
And Evoe ! answer'd all the female throng : 545
O virgin ! worthy thee alone, she cry'd ;
O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd ;
For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.
Like fury seiz'd the rest ; the progress known, 550
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town :

All clad in skins of beasts the jav'line bear,
 Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair,
 And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air. }
 The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine, 555
 Shook high above her head a flaming pine;
 Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
 And sung in Turnus' name the nuptial song.
 Io ye Latian dames, if any here
 Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear; 560
 If there be here, she said, who dare maintain
 My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
 Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
 And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
 Amata's breast the fury thus invades, 565
 And fires with rage amid the sylvan shades.
 Then when she found her venom spread so far,
 The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
 Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
 And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies. 570
 His town, as fame reports, was built of old
 By Danae, pregnant with almighty gold;
 Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
 Of following Argives, thro' the stormy main,
 Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to }
 reign. 575

'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears,
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep: the fury laid aside 580 }
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd }
The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes the trembling mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
Deep dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws, 585
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began, 590 }
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man: }
Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain;
Win for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories? 595
The bride and scepter which thy blood has bought
The king transfers, and foreign heirs are sought:
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers on the dusty plain,

Repel the Tuscan foes, their city seize, 600

Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.

This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends, I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.

Haste, arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain,
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train; 605
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.

The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget,

Let him in arms the pow'r of Turnus prove, 610
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love;

For such is heav'n's command: the youthful prince
With scorn reply'd, and made this bold defence:

You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore: 615

I neither fear nor will provoke the war;

My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.

But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell:

Go, be the temple and the gods your care; 620

Permit the men the thought of peace and war.

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.

Her eyes grew stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
Her hideous looks and hellish form return; 625
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face!
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise, 629
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes,
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes,
And churning bloody foam thus loudly speaks:
Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell: 635
Behold the fates' infernal minister;
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.

Thus having said, her smould'ring torch impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his bed, 640
Cold sweat in clammy drops his limbs o'erspread:
Arms, arms, he cries; my sword and shield prepare;
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise; 645
Above their brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threat'ning embassy ; then rais'd the rest, 650
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest ;
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts. 655
The gods invoc'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise, 660
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies :
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command,
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train
With horns and hounds a hunting match ordain, }
And pitch their toils around the shady plain. 666 }
The fury fires the pack ; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies : 670
From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrheidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring, 675
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king :
Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns ; with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his filken hide, 680
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand :
He waited at his master's board for food,
Then fought his savage kindred in the wood ;
Where gazing all the day, at night he came 685
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

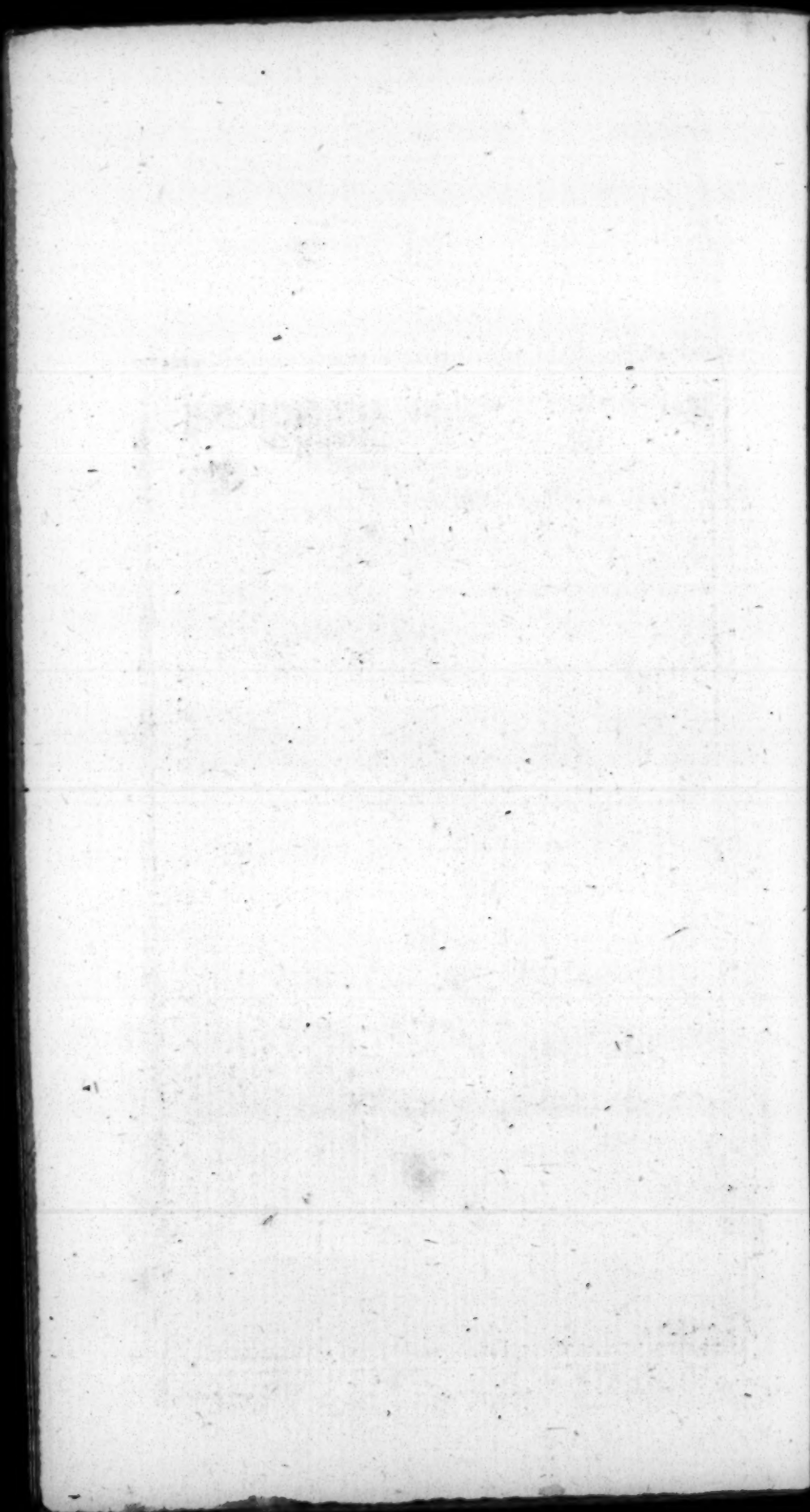
This household beast, that us'd the woodland
grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat. 690
Ascanius young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim ;
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his panting sides.

The bleeding creature issues from the floods, 695 }
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
His old familiar hearth and household gods. }
He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud 700
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood :
The churls assemble ; for the fiend who lay
In the close woody cover urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came : 705
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrreus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist ;
But held his hand from the descending stroke, 710 }
And left his wedge within the cloyen oak, }
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn, 715
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath, the rocks and woods around,
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound.

J. Collyer sculp.



Fr. VII. Vol. III. p. 224.



The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar, 720 }
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd
crew,

With furious haste to the loud summons flew. 725

The pow'rs of Troy then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:

Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,

But a firm body of embattled men.

At first, while fortune favour'd neither side, 730

The fight with clubs and burning brands was
try'd:

But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields

Are bright with flaming swords and brazen
shields:

A shining harvest either host displays,

And shoots against the sun with equal rays. 735

Thus when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,

White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;

Then roars the main, the billows mount the
skies:

Till by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown. 740
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war :
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise ; 745
Among the rest the rich Galeus lies ;
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain
Amidst the madness of th' unruly train :
Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd,
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd. 750
Thus while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The fury bath'd them in each others blood :
Then having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies ;
To Juno thus she speaks : Behold, 'tis done, 755
The blood already drawn, the war begun ;
The discord is complete, nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood, 760
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more ;
The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore

Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.
Then Juno thus : The grateful work is done, 765
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun ;
Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate :
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line : 770
But thou with speed to night and hell repair ;
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawless wand'ring walks, in upper air :
Leave what remains to me. Saturnia said :
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd, 775
Unwilling left the light, and fought the nether
shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amfanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts ; on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide : 780
Full in the center of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing
sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.

Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell, 785
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies ;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring
skies.

Saturnian Juno now with double care
Attends the fatal process of the war. 790
The clowns return'd from battle bear the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corps of Almon, and the rest are shown,
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears, 795
And aggravating crimes, augments their fears :
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made and disavow'd ;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel
brood. }

Then they whose mothers, frantick with their fear, }
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear, 801 }
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
Increase the clamour, and the war demand,
(Such was Amata's int'rest in the land,)
Against the publick sanctions of the peace, 805
Against all omens of their ill success;

With fates averſe, the rout in arms reſort
To force their monarch, and inſult the court;
But like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempeſt and the riſing waves, 810
Propp'd on himſelf he ſtands; his ſolid ſides
Waſh off the ſea-weeds and the ſounding tides:
So ſtood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madneſs of the noiſy throng.
But when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd, 815
And all the methods of cool counſel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witneſs their offence,
Diſclaims the war, aſſerts his innocence.
Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful ſhore: 820
O more than madmen! you yourſelves ſhall bear
The guilt of blood and ſacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, ſhalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heav'n for peace, but pray too late.
For me, my ſtormy voyage at an end, 825
I to the port of death ſecurely tend.
The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay
Is all I want, and all you take away.
He ſaid no more, but in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd; 830

Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
 But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
 A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
 Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold;
 Their standard when in fighting fields they rear,
 Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare } 836
 The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war;
 Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
 Their eagles, lost in Carrhæ's bloody plain;
 Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear, 840
 And still are worshipp'd with religious fear,
 Before his temple stand: the dire abode;
 And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
 Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates
 The wary guardian Janus doubly waits. } 845
 Then when the sacred senate votes the wars,
 The Roman consul their decree declares,
 And in his robes the founding gates unbars, }
 The youth in military shouts arise, } 849
 And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
 These rites of old by sov'reign princes us'd
 Were the king's office, but the king refus'd,
 Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
 Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war:

But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms, 855
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.

Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from
high;

At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar,
And like a tempest issues out the war. 860

The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some with studious care
Their restiff steeds in sandy plains prepare;
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try, 865
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral
cry.

Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart:
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky. 870
Five cities forge their arms; th' Atinian pow'rs,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town;
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field, 875
Some twine young fallows to support the shield;

The crosset some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustick honours of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of
war. 880

Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
The word is giv'n, with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd, 885
The trusty weapon fits on ev'ry side.

And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th' Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command; 890
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred,
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led:
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain, 895
Scorn sate upon his brows and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heav'n: Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen fire: 900

To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face,
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led :
His fire unworthy of so brave a son ; 905
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds he smokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample shield. 910
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims ;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantick limbs. }
Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god. 915
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led,
On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks they fed.
Then on mount Aventine the son of Jove 920
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms his men long piles and jav'lins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In savage pomp ; a lion's hide he wears ; 925

About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
 The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
 Thus like the god his father, homely dress,
 He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came, 930
 (Which from their brother Tiburs took the name,)
 Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear;
 Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear,
 Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's
 height,

With rapid course descending to the fight; 935
 They rush along, the rattling woods give way,
 The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
 Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber;
 Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains, 940
 A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
 And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
 His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
 With those who plough Saturnia's Sabine land:
 Besides the succour which old Anien yields, 945
 The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields;
 Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,
 A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:

Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty field; 950
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head;
The left foot naked, when they march to fight,
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next, (great Neptune was his fire,) 955
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears: and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs; 960
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king.
Like a long team of snowy swans on high, 965
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
Which homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their musick from afar, 969
Would think these troops an army train'd to war;
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band
Of troops embody'd from the Sabine land ;
And in himself alone an army brought. 975
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot ;
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town, 980
And all th' Eretian pow'rs ; besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land :
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame ;
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica, 985 }
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli :
The warlike aids of Horta next appear, 990
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Lybian main,
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain ; 995
Nor thicker harvest on rich Hermus' rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,

Than stand these troops ; their bucklers ring around,
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came, 1000

A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name,

From Agamemnon born ; to Turnus' aid,

A thousand men the youthful hero led,

Who till the Massick soil, for wine renown'd,

And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground ; 1005

And those who live by Sidicinian shores,

And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars ;

Cales and Osea's old inhabitants,

And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants :

Light demi-lances from afar they throw, 1010

Fasten'd with leathern thongs to gall the foe.

Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,

And on their warding arm like bucklers bear.

Nor Oebalus shalt thou be left unsung,

From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung ; 1015

Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,

But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,

And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway, .

Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea ;

O'er Batulum, and where Abella fees : 1020

And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight: 1024
Their casks are cork, a cov'ring thick and light.

Next these in rank the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.
'The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd,
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade,
In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd; 1030
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

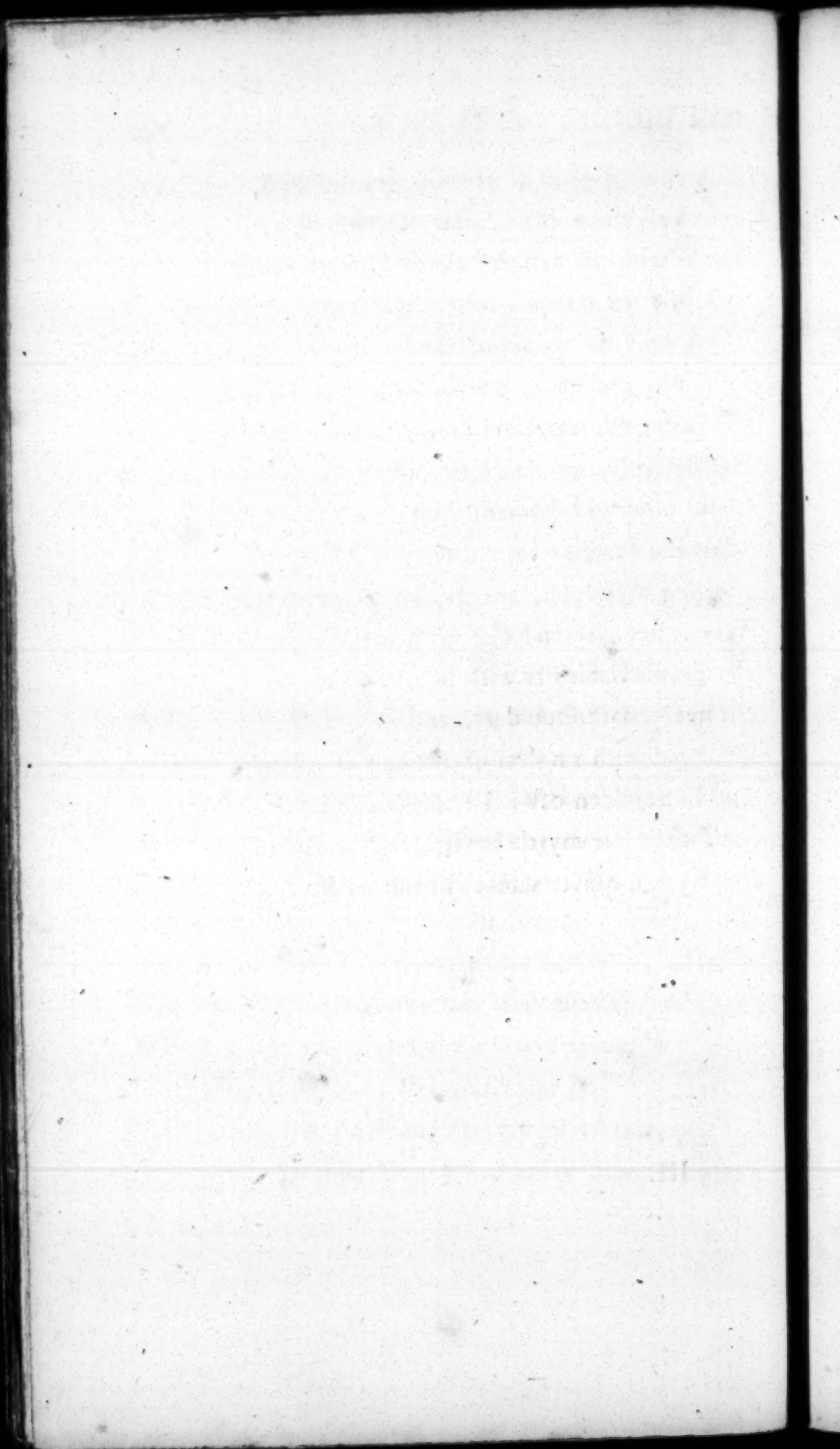
Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head. }
His wand and holy words the viper's rage, 1035
And venom'd wound of serpents could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with pow'rful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marfian herbs and magick art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart. 1040
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The son of fam'd Hyppolitus was there,
Fam'd as his fire, and as his mother fair,
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore, 1045
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore:

Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame fought to share her bed : 1050
But when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore. 1055 }
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd.
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the center with his flaming dart 1060
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown ;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove. 1065
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood, }
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd. 1070

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd;
The more the kindled combat rises higher, 1075
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Io grac'd his shield, but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to lowe;
(A noble charge) her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks his hundred eyes apply'd; 1080
And on the brims her fire, the wat'ry god,
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands, 1085
And those who plough the rich Satulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans with painted shields;
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide, 1090
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame: 1095

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first the fierce Virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought ;
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain, 1100
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain :
She swept the seas, and as she skim'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes fix their wand'ring eyes : 1105
Longing they look, and gaping at her sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
Her purple habit fits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face :
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd, 1110
And in a golden cawl the curls are bound :
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin, and behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.



THE
EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his own son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs;
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs;
When now the sprightly trumpet from afar
Had giv'n the signal for approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields, 5
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens and Messapus led the crowd;
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud. 10
These through the country took their wasteful course,
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend.
Declare the common danger, and inform 15
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:

Æneas landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host :
Yet now inspir'd to conquest of the state ;
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate. 20
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name :
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh ; whose equal fears 25
And common int'rest was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare. }
This way and that he turns his anxious mind ; 30
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd ;
Explores himself in vain in ev'ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, 35
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side ;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night ; and weary nature lull'd asleep 40
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep ;

And beasts, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.

}

Then thro' the shadows of the poplar wood 45
Arose the father of the Roman flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus manifest to sight the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd: 50
Undoubted offspring of ætherial race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who thro' the foes hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! the clime where fate 55
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream, 60
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirsty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son, Æscanius, on this empty space
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame, 65
Which from this omen shall receive the name.

Time shall approve the truth : for what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land, 70
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls ;
Their town the founder Palanteum calls :
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandfire's name :
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony ; 75
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams :
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams ;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay : 80
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease ;
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease :
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows 85
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes :
Tiber my name ; among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat : in times to come
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome. 90

He said, and plung'd below, while yet he spoke;
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took 95
From Tiber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:
Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep 100
Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where-e'er they rise,
And bubbling from below salute the skies:
Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Diffuses fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes, 105
Shalt share my morning song, and ev'ning vows.
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.
Thus having said, two gallies from his stores
With care he chooses; mans, and fits with oars. 110
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found: 115
Wond'rous to tell; she lay along the ground;
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young;

Æneas takes the mother, and her brood, 115

And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.

The following night, and the succeeding day,

Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way:

He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he flood,

A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood. 120

The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,

Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.

Shouts from the land give omen to their course,

And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.

The woods and waters wonder at the gleam 125

Of shields and painted ships, that stem the stream.

One summer's night and one whole day they pass

Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid

glass.

The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,

Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space; 130

When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,

The tops of sheds, and shepherds lowly bow'rs:

Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,

Now rise in marble from the Roman sway. 134

These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)

The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.

'Twas on a solemn day; th' Arcadian states,

The king and prince without the city gates,

Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove. 140
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies,
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd thro' the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast; 145
Till dauntless Pallas re-assur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his way.

Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far: }
Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are; }
Your bus'ness here; and bring you peace or war? 151 }

High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: the Phrygians arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy 155

By Latian foes, with war unjustly made:
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd,
This message bear: The Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire, 160

The youth replies, Whatever you require
Your fame exacts; upon our shores descend,
A welcome guest, and what you wish, a friend.

He said ; and downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke 166
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke.
Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you ; tho' I know 170
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe :
From Atreus tho' your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim :
Yet my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue through the neighb'ring nations blown,
Our fathers mingled blood, Apollo's voice, 176
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung :
Electra from the loins of Atlas came, 180
Atlas whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your fire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely, 185
Was Atlas daughter, who sustains the sky.
'Thus from one common source our streams divide ;
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.



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Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come without a pledge, my own ambassador. }
The same Rutilians, who with arms pursue 194
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side command. 196
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine:
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare. 200
He said; and while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprize.
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face,
Then answer'd briefly with a royal grace.
O valiant leader of the Trojan line, 205
In whom the features of thy father shine,
How I recall Anchises, how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd 210

A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
 And thro' th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
 Then, past a boy, the callow down began
 To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
 I saw the shining train with vast delight, 215
 And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
 But great Anchises, far above the rest,
 With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast:
 I long'd to join in friendship's holy bands
 Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands. 220
 I first accosted him: I su'd, I fought,
 And with a loving force to Pheneus brought.
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
 A Lycian quiver, and a Gnosian bow;
 A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold, 225
 And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
 The league you ask I offer, as your right:
 And when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away: 230
 Now celebrate with us this solemn day;
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
 Honour our annual feast, and take your seat.
 With friendly welcome at a homely treat.

Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear) 235
The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the chear.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round;
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and o'er the bed
A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread. 240
The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
In bowls, the priest renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continu'd
chine. }

But when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
Thus spake Evander to his royal guest: 245
These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears, or superstition spring;
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense, 250
The labours of a god we recompence.
See from afar yon rock that mates the sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie,
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desart now it stands, expos'd in air! 255
'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.

The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd :
The pavement ever foul with human gore, 260
Heads and their mangled members hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot ; and, like his fire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of liquid fire.
Time long expected eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god. 265
Th' avenging force of Hercules from Spain
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain ;
Thrice-liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain. }
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove. 270
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence and four fair kine convey'd.
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen, 275
He dragg'd 'em backwards to his rocky den ;
The tracts averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave.
Mean time the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture and untrodden grass. 280
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.

One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook, 285
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythians arrows flight,
He climb'd with eager haste th' aerial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace,
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face, 290
Confess'd the god's approach: trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
Nor stay'd for stairs, but down the depth he threw
His body, on his back the door he drew.
The door a rib of living rock; with pains 295
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
And bars and leavers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast,
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste; 300
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd;
He gnash'd his teeth, and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain, 305
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.

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Mean time the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture and untrodden grass. 280
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.

One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.

Alcides found the fraud : with rage he shook, 285
And tofs'd about his head his knotted oak.

Swift as the winds, or Scythians arrows flight,
He climb'd with eager haste th' aerial height.

Then first we saw the monster mend his pace,
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face, 290

Confess'd the god's approach : trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings ;

Nor stay'd for stairs, but down the depth he threw
His body, on his back the door he drew.

The door a rib of living rock ; with pains 295
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.

He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
And bars and leavers to his foe oppos'd.

The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast,
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste ; 300

Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,

And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd ;

He gnash'd his teeth, and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.

Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain, 305
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.

A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back :
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night, 309
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threatning o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left : the hero stood
Averse, with planted feet, and from the right
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might :
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock 315
Gave way ; heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock :
Tumbling it chok'd the flood : on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide.
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread,
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed. 320
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight ;
The cavern glares with new admitted light.
So pent, the vapours with a rumbling sound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground :
A sounding flaw succeeds ; and from on high, 325
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky :
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading fun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away, 330

Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts and stones, and distant war.
He from his nostrils and huge mouth expires 335
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires.
Gath'ring with each repeated blast the night,
To make uncertain aim and erring fight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove, 340
There lights, and wades thro' fumes, and gropes his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasp'd his prey.
The monster spewing fruitless flames he found;
He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around, }
And in a knot his cripled members bound. 345
Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes;
Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies:
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls redeem'd breathe open air again; 350
Next by the feet they drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood with glad surprize,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size, }
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd
eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine, 355
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
As priests were added the Pinarian house;
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade, 359
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,
And with deep draughts invoke our common god.
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd, 365
And poplars black and white his temples bind;
Then brims his ample bowl: with like design
The rest invoke the gods with sprinkled wine.
Mean time the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright ev'ning-star began to rise. 370
And now the priests, Potitius at their head;
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load, 375
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Sabian smoke, their heads with poplar bound.

One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burden of the song. 380
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
First how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant's hands:
Then as in years and matchless force he grew, 385
Th' Oechalian walls and Trojan overthrew.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Euristheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew.
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood: 390
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat
With lolling tongue lay fawning at thy feet,
And seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat. }
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight: 396
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace 400
To heav'n, and the great author of thy race.
Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day.

In numbers thus they sung : above the rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast. 405
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound ;
The vales to hills, and hills then notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the chearful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas and his aged fire
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey, 410
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still with new surprize.
With greedy joy enquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings. 415
Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs :
These woods were first the seat of silvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fawns and savage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of lab'ring oxen, nor the shining share ; 421
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase ; the running flood
Supply'd their thirst, the trees supply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove, 425
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men dispers'd on hills to towns he brought,
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught :

And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway. 430
With his mild empire peace and plenty came,
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians then and bold Sicanians came, 435
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings, gigantick Tiberis, and the rest,
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
Till from the tyrant's fate his name it bore. 440
I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home
By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas I sought this happy land,
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heav'n's
command. 444

Thus walking on he spoke, and shew'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:
Who to her son foretold th' Æthenean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place: 450
Then shews the forest, which in after times
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,

A sacred refuge made : with this the shrine
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine. 454
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads,
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely
reeds.

A rev'rend fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains. 460
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove, and said they saw
The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe; 464
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood.
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains,
And either place the founder's name retains. 470
Discourfing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall;
Once oxen low'd where now the lawyers bawl.
Then stooping thro' the narrow gates they press'd,
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest: 476

Mean as it is, this palace and this door
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor; accept our homely food
Which feasted him, and emulate a god. 480
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing leaves with hides of bears o'er-
spread. }

Now night had shed her silver dew around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground, 485
When Love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid; 489
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love.
While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs
To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore; 495
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain.
Tho' I much ow'd to Priam's house; and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.

But now by Jove's command, and Fate's decree, 500
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious pow'r that rules my heart !
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won 505
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
With fated arms, a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relicks of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy ; 510
And conquer Venus twice in conqu'ring Troy.
She said ; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire ;
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire, 515 }
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forked lightning flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles. 520
Then thus the pow'r obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms :
Why seek you reasons for a cause so just ;
Or your own beauties, or my love distrust ?

Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand, 525
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy : nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date,
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage. 530
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours ; your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.
Trembling he spoke, and eager of her charms, 535
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms ;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god ; 540
The time when early housewives leave the bed,
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise,
With yawning mouths, and with half-opened eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light, 545
And to their daily labour add the night.
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.

Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r. 550
Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks, and deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal; 555
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar,
And smoaky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire by night
Thro' the brown air precipitates his flight. 560
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts for angry Jove they daily cast, 565
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame. 570
Inferior ministers for Mars repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war,

And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war with trumpets loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold 575
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.

My sons, said Vulcan, set your tasks aside,
Your strength and master skill must now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge; arms that require 581
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
He said: They set their former work aside;

And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold, 585
And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.

Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close;
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows. 590
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time;
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs;
The fiery work proceeds with rustick songs. 596

While at the Lemnian god's command they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The chearful morn salutes Evander's eyes;
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise. 600
He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide,
Two menial dogs before their master press'd: 605
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly
guest.

Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend. 610
They join their hands; a secret seat they choofe;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost when you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend; 615
But feeble are the succours I can send:
Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds;
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds. }

But mighty nations I prepare to join 620
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come as by your better genius sent,
And fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown, 625
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd : it flourish'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people strong ;
Till curs'd Mézentius, in a fatal hour, 630
Assum'd the crown with arbitrary pow'r.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes !
That blood, those murders, O ye gods, replace
On his own head, and on his impious race : 635
The living and the dead, at his command,
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand ;
Till choak'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more, 640
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monster ; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.

They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends: 645
He cleaves the crowd, and favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms their king to punishment require: 649
Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
To hoist their anchors, but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate: 655
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this; no native of our land may lead 660
This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head.

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament: 665
The people join their own with his desire,
And all my conduct as their king require.

But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs, unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay, 670
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.

My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native; but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line: 675

Where fate and smiling fortune shew the way,
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.

The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own:
In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare, 680
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war:

Your matchless courage and your conduct view,
And early shall begin t'admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command,
Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band: 685

These in my name are listed, and my son
As many more has added in his own.

Scarce had he said, Achates and his guest,
With down-cast eyes their silent grief express;

Who short of succours, and in deep despair, 690
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.

But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To chear her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud ;
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then gazing up, repeated peals they hear, 696
And in a heav'n serene refulgent arms appear ;
Red'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine ;
Æneas only conscious to the sign, 701
Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd above
Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
Then to th' Arcadian king : this prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me. 705
Heav'n calls me to the war : th' expected sign
Is giv'n of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care
Forefaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave ; when bright Vulcanian arms, 710
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high : she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn ; 714
And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tiber borne,

Shall choke his flood : now sound the loud alarms,
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms.

He said, and rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun ;
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires ; 720
Then chearful to his household gods retires,
There offers chosen sheep : th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next of his men and ships he makes review,
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew. 725
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest, 730
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded works, and paws of gold.
Fame thro' the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march amid the fearful crowd : 735
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the fight.

Then old Evander, with a close embrace, 740
Strain'd his departing friend, and tears o'erflow his
face.

Would heav'n, said he, my strength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Preneste's wall;

Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.

When Herilus in single fight I slew, 746

Whom with three lives Feronia did endue,

And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,

Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more:

Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms, 750

Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms;

Nor proud Mezentius thus unpunish'd boast

His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.

Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring

Relief, and hear a father and a king. 755

If fate and you reserve these eyes to see

My son return with peace and victory;

If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight,

If we shall meet again with more delight;

Then draw my life in length, let me sustain, 760

In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.

But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,

Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;

This, O this very moment, let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie ; 765
While yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms ;
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound !
He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground :
His servants bore him off, and softly laid 770
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horsemen march, the gates are open'd wide,
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along ;
Last follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng. 775
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest,
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So from the seas exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led ;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew, 780
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
And follow with their eyes the dusty cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war. 785
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er healthy plains pursue the ready way.

Repeated peals of shouts are heard around ;
 The neighing courfers answer to the sound,
 And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground. 790

A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
 Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
 Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
 Which add a holy horror to the grove.

The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood, 795

That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd,
 The guardian of their flocks and fields ; they pay
 Their due devotions on his annual day.

Not far from hence, along the river's side,
 In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide, 800

By Tarchon led. Now from a rising ground
 Æneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,
 And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
 Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.

Thither his warlike train the Trojan led, 805
 Refresh'd his men, and weary'd horses fed.

Mean time the mother-goddes, crown'd with
 charms,

Breaks thro' the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
 Within a winding vale she finds her son,
 On the cool river's banks retir'd alone. 810

She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
Behold, she said, perform'd in ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now seek secure the Latian enemy, 815
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
She said; and having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight: 820
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright: 825
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold. 830
For those, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought,
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught,)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors, issuing from the Julian line.

The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens ; 835
There by the wolf were laid the martial twins :
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung ;
The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue : 838
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they
fed.

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks : a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend ; 845
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease,
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand : 850
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjurd head.
Near this the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom : the brambles drink his blood, 855
And his torn limbs are left the vulture's food.
There Porfena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.

One tyrant for his fellow tyrant fights :
The Roman youth assert their native rights. 860
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise :
Their king, half threat'ning, half disdain'g stood ;
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stem'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide, 865
'Scap'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor ; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate 871
There flew, and by her cackle sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls' approach : th' approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair, 875
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests : long Alpine spears they wield,
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance ; 879
And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperci dance
In caps of wool. The targets dropp'd from heav'n :
Here modest matrons in soft litters driv'n,

To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear,
And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen; 885
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Catiline;
Hung on a rock the traitor, and around,
The furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws. 890
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea;
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main two mighty fleets engage 895
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize;
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight: 900
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar,
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him with prosp'rous gales,
And with propitious gods his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows, 905
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of Eastern kings.
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war. 910
And rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him, th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight; with oars and forky prows
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems as if the Cyclades again 915
Were rooted up, and jostled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed jav'lins fly;
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye. 920
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms.
Fool as she was, who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky, 925
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' æthereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field. 930

The Diræ fouse from heav'n with swift descent,
 And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the peace: her steps Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.

This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height, 935
 Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
 And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.

The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails, 939
 And shrinking from the sight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
 Panting and pale with fear of future death.

The god had figur'd her as driv'n along
 By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the throng.
 Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide 945
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,

And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The victor to the god his thanks express'd, 949
 And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.

Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd,
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.

Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with
 praise;

The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.

All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory, 960
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit and in tongue.
Here Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race; 965
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
And Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides,
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides. 969
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring, march behind; }
And Morini, the last of human kind. }
These figures, on the shield divinely wrought, }
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought, 974 }
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

END OF VOL. III.





